

Kevin Mills
— 2000 —

OUR MODERN PHILOSOPHERS.

GRANT ME, KIND MUSE, THY RAREST GIFT,
A GRAIN OR TWO OF COMMON SENSE.

OUR
MODERN PHILOSOPHERS

DARWIN BAIN AND SPENCER

OR

THE DESCENT OF MAN
MIND AND BODY

*A RHYME WITH REASONS ESSAYS NOTES AND
QUOTATIONS*

BY

“PSYCHOSIS”



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EVOLUTION.

SUPPOSE a Being made a wheel,
A wheel that would evolve alone—
A little wheel you'd scarcely feel ;
And we'll suppose 'twas made of stone.
And as the wheel evolved it grew
To many wheels, each moving round,
And all the movements moving true
Until a perfect watch was found, —
Self-winding, and with balance rod :
Would He not be, who made the wheel, Almighty God ?

PREFACE.

Three men of genius and free-thought,
An intellectual synod,
In conclave sat to bring to naught
The works and government of God.
Says DARWIN : " God did not make man,
To demonstration I'll prove this ;"
Says SPENCER : " Since the world began,
God's government has gone amiss ;"
" By my hypothesis," says BAIN,
" Man's immortality's a myth—his soul's his brain."

NINE-TENTHS of the Christian world would endorse the above lines ; yet a greater error could not possibly be made than to suppose that Mr. Darwin ever for one moment thought "to bring to naught" the "works and government of God." He did not believe in "separate creation," but in what his scientific mind considered more reasonable, and withal more wonderful. He believed that God created some primordial forms or form, perhaps the "Ascidian," and that from this small beginning not only man, but every other animal, was evolved upon the earth. Mr. Herbert Spencer, the second person named, is a philosopher of powerful intellect and original ideas, and, like many of the great lights of the day, he does not wish his to be "hidden under a bushel." He believes that the work on which he has been labouring for many years will help to establish a scientific morality which will ultimately supersede the morality of the Christian

dispensation. Dr. Alexander Bain, the third person named, is a man of considerable scientific research, but he is decidedly "of the earth, earthy." He believes what most of us believe—viz., that the brain is the seat of the mind; and he also believes what many of us do not believe, that there is no immaterial force in man called "soul." With him mind is matter, and matter is mind. He says, "The arguments for the two substances have, we believe, now entirely lost their validity. They are no longer compatible with ascertained science and clear thinking."¹

There can be no doubt that if this trio of philosophers had been tried by our forefathers for heterodoxy, they would have been condemned as the incarnate "World, the Flesh, and the Devil," and the supposed evil spirits would have been exorcised by the ordinary method of fire and faggot.

Happily the manners of the times are changed; as the world grows older, men's minds grow broader, so that all kinds of theories, religious and scientific, are not only received and tolerated, but if they have sufficient evidence to support them they are accepted by the world as facts. We are living in a day when none except those who are crazed by an inherited dogma are afraid of scientific research. Dr. Pusey says, "It is 'unscience,' not 'science,' that is adverse to faith."² And, as a writer in the *Contemporary Review* for June 1882 fairly puts it, "Science and revelation are but different expressions of one idea—the revealing of hidden truths." Science is the gradual unfolding of the mysteries of creation by means of the patient and laborious investigations of gifted men, who have been inspired with

¹ *Mind and Body*, by Alexander Bain, page 196.

² Dr. Pusey, *Unscience not Science adverse to Faith*.

the desire of, and upon whom have been bestowed those mental faculties necessary to, the attainment of knowledge. This is simply describing Darwin and all his works. In him it is impossible to discover an "iconoclastic ogre," but a patient, quiet, modest, and cautious man, aiming at the truth, and nothing but the truth. Of such a man any age or any nation might well be proud. He had in himself an illustration of his great theory of Evolution. All his tastes and talents were inherited. His grandfather, Dr. Erasmus Darwin, was a physician in Derby, where he died in 1802, seven years before the birth of his still more eminent descendant. Still, in his day, Dr. Erasmus Darwin had considerable reputation as a physiologist, though perhaps, in our day, he would not have dazzled us as an "illuminee." As the author of *The Botanic Garden*, and *Zoonomea*, he was remarkable more for the scientific use to which he put a vivid imagination than for the grander qualities of the exact observer and clear thinker. "His strength, as well as his weakness, lay in the faculty of seeing analogies in Nature, and his sometimes happy, though more frequently fantastic, discoveries." In his poetic fancies there is an almost prophetic glimmer of modern invention. One of the most familiar of these is given in that much-hackneyed passage in which steam and the locomotive are fore-shadowed—

"Soon shall thy arm, unconquered steam, afar
Drag the slow barge or drive the rapid car."

Looking at the two Darwins, we find the lesser grandfather "evolve" into the greater grandson. The elder suffered himself sometimes to be carried away with a fantastic imagination; the younger took over twenty years to digest his thoughts; he never jumped to conclusions without having

what he considered sufficient evidence for every link of his chain of reasoning.

Mr. Darwin was indeed fortunate in the period of his birth. Had it been possible for a philosopher to arrive step by step at his conclusions in any period more remote than the last two hundred years, he would have had but two courses before him—he might have held his peace, or he might have accepted the fate of Bruno and Panini, not to say Campanella. But he lived at a time when, for good or evil, a man may say the thing he will. Not that the doctrine of *The Origin of Species*, or the doctrine of *The Descent of Man*, are in any way opposed to faith in God's revelation to the material universe as its Maker and ever-present Upholder and Ruler; for in his work on *The Descent of Man* twice he speaks of belief in God as "ennobling;" and, as says Canon Liddon, "no writer would seriously speak of any belief, much less of the tremendous belief in God, unless he himself held it to be a true belief." No superstition ever did ennoble the man who held it; and when Mr. Darwin says that the question, "Whether there exists a Creator and a Ruler of the universe, has been answered in the affirmative by the highest intellects that ever lived," he at least implies that he does not dissent from their judgment.

Canon Liddon seems to be quite at one with Dr. Pusey, when he says, "There is nothing particular to frighten a Christian out of his wits in the writings of Mr. Darwin." Dr. Pusey says, "The question as to 'species,' of whatever variations the animal world is capable, whether the species be more or fewer,—whether accidental variations may become hereditary,—whether the struggle for existence may have

occasioned animals, that once existed, to disappear,—whether, for example, the animals ranged under the tribes of *felis* or *canis* were each originally variations of the same common progenitors, and the like,—naturally falls under the province of science. In all these questions, Mr. Darwin's careful observations gained for him a deserved approbation and confidence. The questions have no bearing whatever upon theology.”¹

And then Dr. Pusey quotes with approbation Professor Rensch of Bonn as saying, “A relationship of race between more nearly related types of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, even when one extends this relationship very far, has theologically nothing about it which we need apprehend.”²

We could expect no other opinions from men of such brain calibre as Canon Liddon, Dr. Pusey, and Professor Rensch; still there are multitudes of clever men who tenaciously hold to their particular dogmas as though the salvation of their race depended upon the strength of their grasp. “They not only believe in an infallible revelation, made known by an infallible book, but they also believe that their own views concerning both these are likewise infallible—a foolish placing of man's views of divine revelation against the facts of God's material creation as made known by science. This has been a fearful source of scepticism.”³ The facts of science will never obscure the facts of revelation; but by the eternal fitness of things, as true as God is true, both will harmonize, the spiritual and the material,

¹ *Unscience not Science adverse to Faith*, by Dr. Pusey, 1878, p. 52.

² Professor Rensch, *Bible and Nature*, page 378.

³ *Contemporary Review*, June 1882.

and by their oneness become more luminous. Old narrow dogmas will die hard, but die they must, and give place to ideas and aspirations as boundless as the universe of God. Darkness will at times o'ershadow the light; but truth will appear more beautiful when she has broken through the cloud of scepticism and doubt; new theories will appear in beautiful apparel, but, having no substance, will pass away. Men will conjure up fanciful ideas, and try to compound them into hypotheses to be called by their own names; these will all have to be put into the furnace to be tried; if pure, they will come out of the ordeal refined; if not, they will remain with their kindred dross.

Mr. Darwin was too simple-minded and noble-spirited to deny such a contingency. He says, "Many of the views which have been advanced are highly speculative, and some, no doubt, will prove erroneous; but false views, if supported by little evidence, do little harm, as every one takes a salutary pleasure in proving their falseness; and when this is done one path towards error is closed, and the road to truth is at the same time opened."¹ This humble though great-minded man never seeks vain-glory—still, by the universal wish of the civilised world, he is forced to take his place amongst such men as Newton, Kepler, Aristotle, and Copernicus. All these philosophers, like Mr. Darwin, never gave their great thoughts to the world before accumulating evidence to prove their hypotheses. "All great men," says Professor Tyndall, "come slowly to birth." Copernicus produced his great work in thirty-three years. Newton for

¹ *The Descent of Man*, vol. ii., p. 385.

nearly twenty years kept his idea of gravitation before his mind ; for twenty years, also, he dwelt upon the discovery of fluxions. Darwin for two-and-twenty years pondered on the problem of *The Origin of Species*, and doubtless he would have continued to do so had he not found Mr. Alfred Wallace on his track. What a vast storehouse was Mr. Darwin's brain for biological facts ; what powers of concentration and classification ; what inexhaustible chambers of energy ! One of his great works would alone have sufficed to make the name of any scientific man. *The Origin of Species* was only a sketch or sort of preface to a larger and more elaborate series of works. In 1862 was published, *The Various Contrivances by which Orchids are Fertilised* ; and in 1865, *The Movements and the Habits of Climbing Plants*—both works of the highest botanical value, and distantly related to the theory which has become identified with his name. In 1868 came *The Variation of Plants and Animals under Domestication* ; in 1871, *The Descent of Man* ; then *The Expressions of the Emotions of Men and Animals*,—many of these great subjects setting the whole civilized world ablaze with their marvellous thoughts, and bringing upon the head of their author the anathemas of every religious sect in Europe, and the laudations of most of the men of scientific research. In 1875 was published *Insectivorous Plants*, describing the flesh-feeding proclivities of certain plants—*Drosera*, *Dionæa*, etc. Then another series of valuable botanical observations, *The Effect of Cross and Self Fertilization*—I pass by the interesting work on *The Structure of Coral Reefs* ; in 1876-80, *The Different Flowers on Plants of the same Species* ; *The Movements of Plants*, which not only proved Mr. Darwin an ingenious theorist, but the first

physiological botanist of the age ; and finally, in 1881, was published the familiar treatise on *The Earth-Worm*. It would be impossible to disconnect this last work from inspiration ; never before did it enter the brain of man to dive into the earth to study the ways and manners of the hitherto despised earth-worm. From our earliest childhood we have connected worms with death and the grave, and experienced a vague dread of one day being devoured by them. At last, by the genius of one man, we find earth-worms to be our best friends ; for they not only aid in clothing the earth with beauty, but they are active agents in the formation of the mould from which is derived the bread by which we live. The revelation of such a truth places mankind for ever under an obligation to the genius who made the discovery. It is truly said, "One scarcely knows which to praise most in the great biologist, his method or his results." Down to his time naturalists had been chiefly observers and describers ; Mr. Darwin was all this and something more, he was an experimenter. We find in him sometimes the quaintness of his grandfather ; yet the quaintness perhaps was not so much in the philosopher as in his subject. He tells us that field-mice, by destroying the nests of humble-bees, seriously interfere with the crop of red clover, and imperil the existence of the heart's-ease. The humble-bees are the only insects fitted to fertilise these plants by carrying the pollen from flower to flower. A more recent writer,¹ extending the idea, has shown that even old maids have their uses in the economy of nature ; for they keep many cats, which prey upon the field-mice, and thus prevent the

¹ *Step. Plant Life*, page 57.

destruction of humble-bees and their young. Therefore, the quantity of seeds produced by these plants is to a great extent dependent upon the number of old maids in a district.¹

I find myself committed to these little details of Mr. Darwin's love of work in the world of nature without premeditation. The whole study is so seductive that the mind is taken hither and thither away from the road along which it intended to travel, until of a sudden it is brought up, and one finds that one has been walking in pleasant places where one had no business to linger, seeing that one has been neglecting one's duty elsewhere.

My *Rhyme with Reason* has more to do with *The Descent of Man*, a subject the margin of which can scarcely be understood unless the whole mind is given to the task.

"But why," some of my readers may ask, "if the subject is so intricate, do you put it into rhyme, to make it more so? For the poetry of the present day is so hard to understand that it is quite necessary to have a key to open the door to the hidden treasure." Well, in the first place, the bard has a fancy to try and utilise rhyme by connecting it with reason, and making it do other work than puzzling people's brains, and impressing the world with its grandeur by its profound abstruseness.

The Descent of Man, and *Mind and Body*, open a wide range for poetic fancy, and it will be the fault of the bard, and not the subject, if interest, amusement, and instruction are lacking. Besides, the bard would fain

¹ Hence we may infer as highly probable that if the whole genus of humble-bees became extinct or very rare in England, the heart's-ease and the red clover would become very rare or wholly disappear.—Darwin, *Origin of Species*.

familiarise some of the thoughts of the leading men of the day.

Then again, old dogmas and hereditary prejudices have sealed Mr. Darwin's works to the majority of well-meaning people, so that they are often prejudged, condemned, and executed without being read.

Again, in this age of hurry-scurry the majority of men will not plod to understand a book; they think they have enough to do, in plodding along in the race of life, to keep up with their neighbours. Smith asks Jones if he has read Darwin on *The Descent of Man*. Jones answers, "Yes; but I have not made much out of it; it seems to me far-fetched, and very heavy reading; but from what I can gather, by picking up little bits here and there, the whole thing amounts to this:—Millions of years ago, before the earth had a living thing upon it God willed life to appear in the form of a tadpole, and this tadpole in due course produced many lives, male and female; then, as a matter of course, 'sexual' or 'natural' selection began, and as the ages rolled on, strong life, in order to live, kept destroying weak life; consequently the 'fittest only survived,' by which means all life continually grew stronger, and every breed improved. By-and-by what Mr. Darwin calls 'Evolution' began to do its work in earnest; living things now changed in form,—some with wings, to people the heavens; some with fins, to people the seas; and all kinds of four-footed things, to people the earth; and at last, after many millions of years had passed away, during which time the 'survival of the fittest' was the great natural law, life had so much improved upon the earth as to take the form of a monkey; and you and I, Smith, are the descendants of

that monkey, and here we are!" Smith says, "Gammon," and the subject drops. To such people my *Rhyme with Reason* will be something more than an elementary book.

Lastly, as the bard will try and make reason guide his rhyme, he intends to call into requisition the opinions of scientific men, which, by combining with his own footnotes, may make his book fairly readable. It is not his intention to take his text entirely from the book according to Darwin. Some things will be touched upon quite outside of it, and his readers must not be surprised to find themselves in the position of many other ill-used people who, sitting to hear a discourse upon a text from the first chapter of Genesis, have been, much to their amazement, dragged into the last Chapter of

REVELATIONS.

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Part I.

DESCENT OF MAN.

PART I.

I.

TEN million billion years ago
Atoms through endless space evolved ;
Whence came they science does not know,
Nor will the problem e'er be solved.¹
Polarity was the great force
Which held the atoms within bound,
And whirled them through their dusty course
Until they formed in solid ground.
Whence came the seas is not so clear,
Nor does the poet know—nor did the ancient seer.

¹ Laplace, Kant, Sir W. Thomson, Strauss, and Haeckel would have us believe that "Nebulous vapour floating in space must have existed from eternity, containing within itself a stock of potential energy, and always influenced by the laws of gravitation. Atoms of this nebulous vapour, they say, existed from eternity with their potential energy, remaining quiescent until once in eternity, from some unexplained cause, they awoke from quietude and suddenly gravitated into groups, so that the original diffused matter became resolved into a number of rotating masses of spherical form, which, gradually cooled by radiation, were contracted, and in contraction naturally acquired a more rapid motion, during which they flung off from themselves rings of nebulous atoms, which by some happy chance divided so as to escape from the large masses, then re-united and became planets. These, rushing away, notwithstanding the heretofore exactly balanced attraction of gravity, to a certain distance from their suns, stayed their course and henceforth rotated round the larger masses which they had left, restrained by that force of gravity which had previously been important

II.

The physicists say the solar poles
 Condensed the vapours of the spheres ;
 And as the moon the tide controls,
 Neap, ebb, and spring, through cycling years,
 Did she do aught to form the deep ?
 Alas ! with what apparent ease
 Their gravity some men will keep
 As drop by drop they form the seas,
 Nor will they own their science fails
 To prove whence came the little fish and giant whales.

III.

The problem of the fish and seas
 Can ne'er be solved ; 'tis far too hard.
 O scientist ! if thou wilt please
 To help a poor bewildered bard
 To pierce the whole of Nature's laws,
 He'll thank thee for thy gracious aid.
 Thou dost ignore the great First Cause :
 Come, tell the bard how worlds were made ?
 And tell him too (thou canst with ease)
 How man and beast were made, and reptiles, birds, and trees ?

to hold them." ¹ This theory they hold to be confirmed by the fact that the planet Saturn forms an exception to the rule, since the rings of the nebulous atoms which surround it, apparently failed to complete the process, and are visible in their original state. Many scientific difficulties exist in the way of acceptance of this theory, sufficient probably to make it unacceptable to any except those who feel bound to supply a theory which will get rid of the need of a Creator. "For instance, there is the improbability that the masses, even if it be supposed that they were once thrown off by rotation, would not have returned again to the large masses by compulsion of the force of gravitation ; or, presuming that there were some unknown forces acting to prevent this, another difficulty arises—that these atoms, once thrown

¹ *Creed of Science*, pp. 5-7.

IV.

Say whence came vegetation's seeds
To clothe the earth in beauteous green,
All plantlings, grasses, cereals, weeds,
From giant oak to tiny bean?
How came the flower-seeds in the earth?
Sweet-scented gems of every hue,
Did these, too, have spontaneous birth,
With petals moving drops of dew?
Come, Science, to the poet tell,
Who was the seedsman who supplied the seeds so well?

V.

An egg produced our globe's first bird,
But what produced the bird's first egg?
Oh, do not think the bard's absurd!
He wants to know: and he would beg
An answer to a simple word.
What first produced the setting hen?
Without the egg whence came the bird;
'Twill puzzle scientific men
To prove effect without a cause,
And hatching without eggs reverses Nature's laws.

off, should have congregated into permanent smaller masses, instead of dispersing. Moreover, in one case at least, it would seem that the moon of a planet moves in a contrary direction, as regards the planet itself, to that which is required by this hypothesis. But even granting this explanation, it helps us very little towards understanding the origin of the universe as we know it now existing, even if we allow the eternity of matter and the chance that its whole condition should somehow have changed without a cause. There is another hypothesis which suggests that the sun was produced by the falling together of its materials, hitherto in a state of wide diffusion as a cloud of stones, dust, and gaseous matter.¹ But this theory likewise offers no reason why at any time those minute

¹ *Creed of Science.*

VI.

We'll skip the eggs and feathery tribe—

To say we've solved them would be wrong—

A simple fact we will describe :

When hatched they gladdened earth with song ;

Cleaving the air with new-fledged wing,

For life they warbled forth their praise,

With sunlit plumage fluttering,

They looked like rocket sparks ablaze

Falling on earth, and wood, and dell :

But whence came the first egg, Science will never tell.

VII.

To create cattle without God

Science would surely trouble find,

'Twould have to make from out the clod

A pair of each and every kind—

Female and male. Ah me ! what skill !

Science must make and mate them too.

This done, why then on every hill

All procreation would be true.

Say, Science, what primordial plant

Produced the germ that first produced the elephant ?

portions should so rush together instead of remaining in the condition in which they had existed through the past ages of eternity, or why the atoms, that rushed together to form the earth, gradually cooled. Mere chance could hardly have so cleverly arranged things that one mass should form a centre of heat to make the other a fertile source of vegetation and life.¹ The teaching of revelation that the existence of the sun and earth is a part of a scheme designed by an intelligent Creator, is surely less unthinkable than such imperfect theories. But even were these hypotheses accepted in regard to the origin of the material universe, the question of the physical arrangement of the universe is only one of the problems which those who reject God must solve. Let it be granted that the origin of the world was the rushing

¹ *Science and Revelation*, by F. Peek. *Contemporary Review*, June 1882.

VIII.

Did monkeys grow on cactus trees?

Then how came cactus trees to grow?

Did snakes with stings beget the bees?

Then what begat the snakes? to know

The bard would give a medal prize.

Whence came all the wild beasts of prey?

Did lions from the jungle rise

From spawn, like mushrooms in a day?

The tiger's dam was not a cow,

Or our milch cows, now as then, would breed them now.

IX.

The metamorphosis, how strange

'Twould seem to us in this our time

To see a wild chimpanzee change

Into a man. Alas! what rhyme

For such a process would avail

To say the grandsire of our race

Was born with a long nasty tail

And pointed ears, and hairy face?

Under what doctor's special care

Was the poor monkey placed when they tore off his hair?

together of nebulous atoms, the mass contracting by radiation and rotating by contraction; still the question presses, whence came the beautiful verdure with which it is now covered, the animal life which subsists upon it, especially how arose humanity which rules over all? As regards life, Professor Haeckel maintains that it originated millions of centuries ago by spontaneous generation at the bottom of the sea, where, deep down, living organisms were formed like saline crystal."¹ "But an explanation is still needed of the sea itself, and by what means the water was produced, not to speak of those combinations of gases mixed in the exact proportion needed to form the air to sustain the latter types of life in the atmosphere surrounding the earth, and how these were evolved from the dry, molten rocks; or again, whence

¹ *Science and Revelation*, by Francis Peek. *Contemporary Review*, June 1882.

X.

A wooden-leggèd bridegroom might,
 If change hypothesis be true,
 As soon be troubled with the sight
 Of wooden-leggèd children too.
 Monkeys are monkeys 'neath the skin ;
 To stop the growth of hair how vain,
 Another growth would soon begin ;
 The monkey would be skinned again.

Science could never kill the hair ;
 In each new growth of skin the bristles would be there.

came the first germ of the grasses, herbs, and trees ; for these, even if the product of Evolution, must have had conditions capable of evolving them, even supposing this process of spontaneous generation was proved, which has not yet been done.”¹ ●

Mr. Darwin says :²—“ It is notorious that man is constructed on the same genial type or model with other mammals. All the bones in his skeleton can be compared with corresponding bones in a monkey, bat, or seal. So it is with his muscles, nerves, bloodvessels, and internal viscera. The brain, the most important of all organs, follows the same law, as shown by Huxley and other anatomists. . . . Man is liable to receive from the lower animals, and to communicate to them, certain diseases, as hydrophobia, variola, the glanders, etc., and this fact proves the close similarity of their tissues and blood, both in structure and composition, far more plainly than does the comparison under the best microscope, or by the aid of the best chemical analysis.”

“ Monkeys are liable to many of the same non-contagious diseases as we are. Thus Rengger³ who carefully observed for a long time the *Cebus Azarac* in his native land, found it liable to catarrh, with the usual symptoms, and which when often recurrent led to consumption. These monkeys suffer also from apoplexy, inflammation of the bowels, and cataract in the eye. The young ones, when shedding their milk-teeth, often die from fever. Medicines produce the same effect on them as on us. Many kinds of monkeys have a strong taste for tea, coffee, and spirituous liquors. They will also, as I myself have seen, smoke

¹ Quotation of Mr. Darwin. *The Descent of Man.*

² *Descent of Man*, vol. i., pp. 10, 11.

³ Darwin, *Descent of Man*, vol. i., p. 12.

XI.

What a monstrosity of race
Was the progenitor of man !
We've monkeys now, in ways and face,
And, with such evidence, who can
Doubt the strange truth of such a thing ;
The idea sprang in Darwin's brain,
'Tis very brilliant—need we bring
A Spencer or Professor Bain
To prove the moon's made of green cheese ?
The world is now so ripe for new discoveries !

XII.

Hold thou thy peace, thou foolish bard !
Of Nature's laws why dost thou prate ;
Think not old theories will retard
My facts, which are of modern date.
In Evolution thou'rt a dunce ;
Thou knowest naught of molecules ;
By graduation, not at once—
For so at least my science rules—
Evolved the heavens, the earth, and seas ;
God hurries not His work—He creates by degrees.

tobacco with pleasure. . . . These trifling facts prove how similar the nerves of taste must be in the monkey and man, and how similarly their whole nervous system is affected. . . . Man is subject, like other mammals, birds, and even insects, to that mysterious law, which causes certain normal processes, such as gestation, as well as the maturation and duration of various diseases, to follow lunar periods. His wounds are repaired by the same process of healing, and the stumps left after the amputation of the limbs occasionally possess, especially during an early embryonic period, some power of regeneration, as in the lowest animals. ●

“The whole process of that most important function, the reproduction of the species, is strikingly the same in all mammals, from the first act of courtship by the male to the birth and nurturing of the

XIII.

In the beginning—who can say
When the beginning had its birth?
Or who can name or date the day
When God created heaven and earth?
Atoms through cycling years revolved;
The earth was void and without form
When the eternal Will resolved
To hush the wild, chaotic storm.
By Evolution God made earth
A million years before He gave His creatures birth.

young. Monkeys are born in almost as helpless a condition as our own infants; and in certain genera the young differ fully as much in appearance from the adults as do our children from their full-grown parents. Man differs from woman in size, bodily strength, hairyness, etc., as well as in mind, in the same manner as do the two sexes of many mammals. It is, in short, scarcely possible to exaggerate the close correspondence in general structure, in the minute structure of the tissues, in chemical composition, and in constitution, between man and the higher animals, especially the anthropomorphous apes.”¹

“The stars in our system are probably not permanently associated together, but, in the course of time, some stars enter our system and others leave it, in such a manner as to suggest that the bodies visible are fairly typical of the general contents of the universe.” And so our globe was, in all probability, a wandering star. “The strongest evidence that can be presented on the subject is met with in the peculiar circumstances of one particular star, numbered 1830 in Groombridge’s Catalogue. This star is endowed with a very large proper motion, the largest of any star of which the distance is known; it amounts to over seven seconds annually. It would take over two centuries to move over a distance equal to the apparent diameter of the moon. The estimate of the distance presents some irregularities, but we should be quite correct in assuming that the distance is not less than two hundred billions of miles. The proper motion and distance being assumed, it is easy to calculate the velocity with which the star must be moving. The velocity is indeed stupendous, and worthy of a ma-

¹ *Descent of Man*, vol. i., p. 14.

XIV.

Down the abyss of trackless night
The earth erratically dashed on,
Without a single ray of light ;
On it the sun had never shone.
Vapours, condensed to solid ice,
Wrapped up the earth as with a pall,
As on it whirled in weird caprice,
A dark and lonely frozen ball.
Far from the sun's attractive force,
Through black immensity it wildly held its course.

XV.

A million years and more it run ;
Cold was the glacial robe it wore ;
Anon, attracted by the sun,
The ice-bound globe began to thaw.
“ Let there be light,” God's Spirit said,
As on the water's face He moved.
The sun his glorious light then shed
On the dark earth ; and God approved.
Then joined our globe the sidereal spheres,
And the day's work to God was as a thousand years.

jestic sun ; it is no less than two hundred miles a second. Probably the star is merely travelling through our system, and not permanently attached thereto. If the star were permanently to retain this velocity it would in all probability in time travel right across our system, and would retreat into the depths of infinite space.”¹

“ Philosophers of the social and moral school are very much troubled about the light which God called forth. They believe that the sun is an immense fire-ball, lit up by natural causes, and that it must either burn itself out, as many a star has done, or be kindled into insufferable combustion by the impact of comets, finishing up everything in a blaze of brilliant death, or grow too big and potent for the equilibrium

¹ R. S. Ball, *Contemporary Review*, June 1882.

XVI.

With God there's nothing small nor great,
To Him there's nothing weak nor strong,
Nothing to Him is soon nor late,
Nor new nor old, nor short nor long.
Millions of years are but as days ;
By Him the universe evolves ;
Inscrutable are all His ways ;
His fiat's law, when He resolves
"Let there be light, and there was light."
'Twas irresistible—His power is infinite.

XVII.

And when the earth warmed 'neath the sun,
The ice dissolved and formed the seas.
Time then its second day had run,
Whilst God worked out His mysteries.
His Spirit moved upon the deep,
And kept the waters within bound ;
He raised a barrier to keep
Deep oceans from the solid ground ;
And thus prepared the earth for seed,
Which in a million years His creatures then would need.

of the system—a tyrant instead of a benefactor and sustainer. What a grim forecast ! The human race is to go on improving and developing until its little history is snuffed out all of a sudden by a splendid catastrophe, or cooled down from the glowing hopes of love and religion and human aspirations, in glacial horrors, where the cold grey sun will no longer shine, but blink at an earth full of frozen corpses, slain at a moment perhaps when humanity touched its zenith of capacity. It is pleasant to see the way in which the Rev. C. Spurgeon pits his common sense against these 'philosophers of catastrophe.' He says he would rather have one little promise in a corner of the Bible than all the statements of all the philosophers that ever lived. The history of philosophers was, in fact, the history of fools. All the sects of philosophers that ever existed had contradicted those who had

XVIII.

Says unassisted reason, What
Primordial form produced the grass,
Corn, esculents—and this, and that,
And forest-trees, and flowers? Alas!
Men try to reason without God;
But modern science truly is
At one with the Eternal Word.

Mark! this is my hypothesis—
And take it just for what it's worth—
God said the seed is in itself upon the earth.

gone before them. He was not a prophet, nor the son of a prophet, but he had lived long enough to see many things change in philosophy; and before his head rested in the grave he was prepared to see many more. Not a moon changed but what saw a change in the philosopher's doctrine. Therefore the tiniest promise made by God was far above what the whole school of philosophers asserted. Scientific men may laugh at the reverend gentleman, but what he says savours of truth, when we hear such men as Mayer and Sir William Thomson favour the view of the sun being perpetually pelted by meteoric and cometic matter drawn into it by its mass, which keeps the temperature up by friction of tremendous blows, and the chemical energy roused by amalgamation. In the first case contraction would go on for ever, and in the second, even supposing the materials which the sun attracts from space are inexhaustible, its bulk must at least become so augmented that awful changes would occur in the planetary balance, the centripetal forces conquering the centrifugal, and one by one the planets of our system falling into its burning heart. Consequently, whatever view is taken by some of our scientific men, they dismally agree that there must arrive an end. It is very consoling that Dr. Siemens comes forward with an entirely new theory. This great physicist believes that the sun will go on illuminating and warming our world and the family of sister planets for an indefinite, if not an infinite, space of time. He supposes interstellar space to be filled with an attenuated hydrogen, and interplanetary space with denser gas, albeit more rarefied than the atmosphere drawn round each world. The sun, he imagines, whirling on its axis, draws into its poles the thin hydrogen, hydrocarbon and oxygen of our sphere, and these being

XIX.

And then there was another lapse
 Ere creatures were evolved on earth ;
 Though science cannot fill the gaps,
 Nor name the form that first gave birth
 To yielding seed and sentient life,
 Still, by induction, it is proved
 That in due course the earth was rife
 With living things that on it moved ;

And Evolution was decreed
 To do creative work, and well it did succeed.

XX.

Miasma dense spread o'er the earth ;¹
 The sun's fierce rays pierced stagnant pools,

kindled are projected outwards at his equator into space. The accepted view is, that the heat and light there developed and radiated, perish as far as we are concerned, except the small portion arrested by each solar satellite. But Dr. Siemens argues that the heat and light do their chief work in decomposing the carbonic-oxide and watery vapour which were produced by the kindling at the solar poles, so that the sun itself perpetually renews its own supplies, and restores by its energy the waste matter which has fed that energy. 'Here,' says the able writer, 'is one bold man of science who, from his experiments and observations, thinks better of the visible creation than to believe that it must break down at last short of its splendid possibilities, like a piece of human handicraft. They will be wise who believe that, whether or not the glorious sun ceases some day to shine, the object of its bright existence will be first thoroughly accomplished, and the destiny of the races he has sustained, crowned with the eternal purpose. Humanity is more likely to quit this orb at some future era, as the butterfly breaks from its chrysalis, than to lie buried on it as the corpse moulders in the grave. The universe is too wonderful to be understood, and general annihilation is less conceivable than omnipresent life. God said, 'Let there be light,' and there was light, and light will continue until God's purposes are accomplished.' "

¹ "Count Keyserling has suggested that as a new disease, supposed to have been caused by some miasma, has arisen and spread over the world, so at certain periods the germ of existing species may have been

Which by degrees brought forth the birth
 Of sentient life from molecules.
 Low marshes and deep quagmires dank
 Were filled with every loathsome thing,
 Which wriggled up each slimy bank.
 Amazed with life, and wondering *if conscious*
 Whence they all came, and what they were,
 They licked their dirty sides, *not conscious?* nor asked what brought them
 there.

XXI.

“Natural Selection” then began.
 Now mark the process, as I trace
 The wondrous origin of man
 And descent of the human race.
 The vertebrated genus then
 (Thou hast been shown its slimy source)
 Was the first generant of men,
 And centrifugal lineal force
 That procreated, stage by stage,
 And improved mammal life in each succeeding age.

XXII.

It took two million years before
 Mankind became a perfect breed. *^*
 My science says it took e'en more—
 On this wise men are all agreed.
^ The human germ was in a trout,
 A toad, a tadpole, or an eel;
 And as the germ was changed about
 Natural selection fixed its seal;
 Through vertebrated life it ran,
 And after many years the germ became a man.

*This is
 teleology
 ...*

chemically affected by circumambient molecules of a particular nature
 and thus given rise to new forms.”¹

¹ Mr. Darwin. *Descent of Man*.

XXIII.

And thus by graduation came
 The creatures who now rule the earth.
 Mammalia held the germ the same,
 Though oft she changed in form at birth.
 Arrived at monkey-hood, 'twas then
 Nature had little more to do¹—
 She moulded monkeys into men,
 Which by analogy is true.
 No scientist will ever doubt it ;
 Nor would the simple bard, if he knew more about it.

XXIV.

The Christian puts his armour on
 For loot and crowns 'neath other skies ;
 And every type of life hath won
 A crown of life from enemies.
 Life ever battles for dear life,²
 Each needs the thing the others need,

¹ "Man is descended from a hairy quadruped, furnished with a tail and pointed ears, probably arboreal in its habits and an inhabitant of the Old World. This creature, if its whole structure had been examined by a naturalist, would have been classed among the quadrumana as surely as would the common and still more ancient progenitor of the Old and New World monkeys. The quadrumana, and all the higher mammals, are probably derived from an ancient marsupial animal, and this through a line of diversified forms, either some reptile-like or some amphibian-like creature, and this again from some fish-like animal. In the dim obscurity of the past we can see that the early progenitor of all the vertebrata must have been an aquatic animal provided with branchiæ, with two sexes united in the same individual, and with the most important organs of the body (such as the brain and the heart) imperfectly developed. This animal seems to have been more like the larvæ of our existing marine Ascidian than any other known form."¹

² We see the struggle for existence all around us, we know that

¹ *Descent of Man*, vol. ii., pp. 389, 390.

And down the ages war and strife
 Have improved every type of breed. || 11.
 The nondescript must ever fail,
 And upon earth life is but one fierce battle tale.

XXV.

On earth, in seas, and in the air,
 In deeds of blood life ever gloats ;
 With mingled joy and deep despair
 The living tear each other's throats.
 'Tis Nature's fundamental law
 To fight, to ravish, and destroy—
 Life kills to keep alive, and war
 Brings death and grief, and love and joy.
 To shirk the truth will not avail :
 This paradox I'll prove by an historic tale.

down the ages the same struggle has been going on, and we have no alternative but to accept the fact. Who are we that we should argue with Almighty God : that we should dare declaim against the Infinite Wisdom for allowing the spider to ensnare and destroy the fly, the eagle to kill the lamb, the kite the sparrow, the lion to slay whom he likes to devour ? Who are we that we should raise our arm as though we would strike the Almighty, for giving the savage instinct to kill and eat his fellows, or for allowing man, like Cain, to kill his brother ? Shall we impiously say to God, "What hast Thou done ? Thou hast not only given to animals the instinct to kill and devour when they list, but Thou hast also given to plants the cunning to entrap, destroy, and devour animal life." The *Dionæa* or Venus' fly-trap shows its singular power of catching unwary insects. What does it do with them ? It has been said that the difference between plants and animals is, that the latter digest their food, the former find it ready-made for them, so to speak, and assimilate it from the vegetable juices. Doubting whether there were any such well-marked lines between plants and animals, Mr. Darwin suggested a series of experiments with the *Dionæa*, the result went to show that the little plant actually digested the fly, though the process took three weeks to accomplish. Where, then, does animal life begin and plant life leave off ? And who can draw a line in the animal and vegetable kingdom, where one thing does not live upon another ? ●

XXVI.

'Twas once upon a time there dwelt
On earth, when men and maids were few,
A mammal family who felt
Both strong of will, and limb, and thew ;
And though their intellects were crude
They loved a pretty form and face ;
And though, save hair, they all were nude,
They were the only thinking race,—
Well, call it instinct, what you will,
These mammals knew they had a mission to fulfil.

XXVII.

'Twas a moon's journey from their huts
(Distance was timed by the pale queen
When mankind fed on cocoa-nuts)—
A mammal maiden had been seen ;
For monkey she was passing fair,
And Chookoo Mammo, the brave chief,
Had ne'er seen ape so nude of hair.
To him it was beyond belief,
She had not e'en a monkey face ;
To see her was to love—she would improve his race.

XXVIII.

The love-struck Chookoo would have woo'd,
And no doubt won the lovely bride,
Had there not been a deadly feud
Betwixt his and Mammalia's tribe.

“ With barbarous nations the women are the constant cause of war, both between individuals of the same tribe, and between distant tribes ; so, no doubt, it was in ancient times, ‘*Nam fuit ante Helenam mulier teterrima belli causa.*’ With the North American Indians the contest is reduced to a system. That excellent observer Hearne says, ‘It has been the custom among the people for the men to wrestle for

No monkey Cupid then was found
To carry messages of love—
The heart might bleed until the wound
Might fatal to the lover prove.
The only way to gain a wife,
In those dark days, was by a club and sharp stone knife.

XXIX.

O witching Helen! to bewitch
The mighty men of ancient Troy.
Fierce Chookoo Mammo used a switch
On mammal girls when they were coy;
When Chookoo Mammo woo'd a maid
Love-making then was not genteel,
As 'twas when Paris to thee said;
"Helen, my love, my soul's ideal
Of lovely woman—O my Love!
I pray thee let me wed thee, for the gods approve."

XXX.

The monkey-maid, like Helen, had,
In all the region round about,
Good and indifferent and bad
Admirers; she could ne'er stir out

any woman to whom they are attached, and of course the strongest carry off the prize; a weak man, unless he be a good hunter and well-beloved, is seldom permitted to keep a wife that a stronger man thinks worth his notice. This custom prevails throughout all the tribes, and causes a great spirit of emulation among their youth, who upon all occasions from their childhood try their skill and strength in wrestling.' With the Guanans of South America, Azara states that the men rarely marry till twenty or more years old, as before that age they cannot conquer their rivals. Other similar facts could be given; but even if we had no evidence on this head, we might feel almost sure, from the analogy of the higher Quadrumana, that the law of battle had prevailed with man during the early stages of his development."¹

¹ Darwin, *The Descent of Man*, vol. ii., pp. 323, 324.

Without a host of lovers, who
 Would fain give her large cocoa-nuts—
 Great gifts of apes she would not woo.
 They proffered her the choice of huts,
 Nor would the walls of fifty Troys
 Have kept away the active amorous monkey-boys.

XXXI.

Dear woman, frankincense and myrrh
 In sweetness thou surpasseseth far;¹
 And though thou art inclined to err,
 And art the source of love and war
 (For thee how madly mortals fight!)
 Men love thee and in thine believe.
 Temptation is thine own birthright;
 And all are tempters, from sweet Eve,
 Who tempted Adam with her wiles,
 To the mammalian cross-eyed girl of Seven Dials.

XXXII.

Rome once was saved by silly geese,
 From small things great things often rise;
 Girls often gain the golden fleece
 Through their bewitching laughing eyes.

¹ "The men of each race prefer what they are accustomed to behold; they cannot endure any great change, but they like variety and admire each characteristic point carried to a moderate extreme. . . . No doubt characters of all kinds may easily be too much developed for beauty. Hence a perfect beauty, which implies many characters modified in a particular manner, will in every race be a prodigy. As the great anatomist Bichat long ago said, 'If every one were cast in the same mould, there would be no such thing as beauty.' If all men and women were to become as beautiful as Venus de Medici, we should for a time be charmed; but we should soon wish for variety; we should wish to see certain characters in our women a little exaggerated beyond the then existing standard."¹

¹ Darwin, *The Descent of Man*, vol. ii., p. 354.

The intervention of a goose
 Discomforted heroic Gaul.
 'Twas a fair fight, 'twas not a ruse ;
 The siege was raised, nor did Rome fall
 Until it fell by Alaric's lance ;
 And the great fall of Rome helped to raise up a France.

XXXIII.

If Chookoo Mammo had not seen
 The ape Mammalia's pretty face,
 The question is, Would there have been
 The mammals called the Human Race ;
 The offspring of an unknown freak,
 The cause of sanguinary wars,
 Of sentient life the first to speak,
 The founder of our mental laws ?
 Alarmed she cried " Mam-ma-li-a,
 Ar-tic, ar-tic-u-lati, ar-tic-u-la-ta !"¹

¹ " In Paraguay the *Cebus Azaræ* when excited utters six distinct sounds, which excite in other monkeys similar emotions. . . . The sounds uttered by birds offer in many respects the nearest analogy to language, for all the members of the same species utter the same instinctive cries expressive of their emotions ; . . . these sounds are no more innate than language in man ; the first attempts to sing may be compared to the imperfect endeavour in a child to babble. The young males continue practising for ten or eleven months, but their first essays show hardly a rudiment of the future song ; but as they grow older, we can perceive what they are aiming at ; and at last they are said ' to sing their song round.' It is an error to speak of any language as an art, in the sense of its having been elaborately and methodically formed." And Mr. Darwin then concludes by saying, that the extremely complex and regular construction of many barbarous languages is no proof that they owe their origin to a special act of creation. " Nor does the faculty of articulate speech in itself offer any insuperable objection to the belief that man has developed from some lower animal."¹

¹ Darwin, *Descent of Man*, vol. i., pp. 61, 62.

XXXIV.

'Twas well she gave the signal then,
Her maiden speech caused great hubbub ;
Some scouts of Chookoo's hairy men,
Each bearing a prodigious club,
Were seen to picket near the grove
Where grew Mammalia's cocoa-nuts.
What brought them there ? 'twas all for love.
Mammalia's cry ran through the huts :
"To arms ! to clubs ! to sharp stone knives !
Apes ! battle for your homes, your daughters, and your
wives !"

"With mammals the male appears to win the female much more through the law of battle than through the display of charms. The most timid animals, not provided with special weapons for fighting, engage in desperate conflicts during the season of love." . . . The half-human male progenitors of man, and men in a savage state, have struggled during many generations for the possession of the females. But mere bodily strength and size would do little for victory, unless associated with courage and perseverance and determined energy. With social animals, the young males have to pass through many a conflict before they win a female, and the older males have to retain their females by renewed battles. They have also, in the case of man, to defend their females as well as their young from enemies of all kinds, and to hunt for their joint subsistence. But to avoid enemies, or to attack them with success, to capture wild animals, and to invent and fashion weapons, requires higher faculties—namely, observation, reason, invention, imagination. These faculties will thus have been continually put to the test and selected during manhood ; they would, moreover, have been strengthened by use during the same period of life ; consequently, in accordance with the principle often alluded to, we might expect that they would at least tend to be transmitted chiefly to the male offspring at the corresponding period of manhood."¹

¹ Darwin, *Descent of Man*, vol. ii., p. 327.

XXXV.

Stillness appeared still more profound.
'Twas ominous, the death-still hush.
Dark objects glided o'er the ground,
And danger lurked in every bush.
The gods looked on (if there be gods),
From sun and moon, and every star.
'Twas the earth's crisis, and the odds
Were quite in favour of the war
Deciding by a bloody battle
Whether men should live on earth like other cattle.

XXXVI.

The day closed in—the stars came out ;
The moon looked peaceful and serene ;
Whilst ghostly shadows moved about.
The crisis was more felt than seen.
Zephyr had given up the ghost,
Nor stirred a leaf with her last breath ;
Whilst moonlit monkeys at their post
Looked like grim messengers of death.
Earth was in travail and in pain
To bring forth Man as King, o'er her bright realm to reign.

XXXVII.

With this bright hope was truly blent
The advent of God-Man on earth ;
Modification by descent,
And graduation at each birth.
The balance trembled on the beam,
Whilst hope and doubt was in the scale ;
On a poor monkey-maid 'twould seem
Life-human would succeed or fail.
Ah me ! it shocks our Christian creed
To think we'll owe our wings to improved monkey breed.

XXXVIII.

The cycling earth went rushing on,
Polarity held tight the rein,
Dame Nature's clock would soon strike one,
And time on earth would e'er remain.
Time parallel with earth had ran,¹
Nor had it gained or lost the least,
It kept itself reserved for man
As it could not be told by beast
As now. It was relentless then,
It left its mark on beast, as now it does on men.

XXXIX.

The stars went in—the sun came out,
The eastern horizon was red ;
This was portentous (who can doubt ?)
Of mammal blood soon to be shed.
The strong and active will contrive
To leave unscathed the bloody fray,
The fittest only will survive
The most momentous battle-day
E'er to be seen by gods or men,
Nor will it e'er be rightly told by tongue or pen.

¹ As Pasteur has *well* said quite recently, "When the question is asked, 'What is beyond the starry vault?' it is useless to answer, 'Beyond lies unlimited space.' When we ask what lies beyond the far-off time when what we see around began to be, and what lies beyond the remote future, when it will cease to exist,—of what use the answer, 'Beyond lie eternities of past and coming time.' Nobody understands these words. He who proclaims the existence of an infinite—and nobody can evade it—asserts more of the supernatural in that affirmation than exists in all miracles of all the religions ; for the notion of the Infinite has the twofold character of being irresistible and incomprehensible. When the notion seizes on the mind there is nothing left but to bow the knee. In that anxious moment all the intellectual life threatens to snap, and one feels near being seized with

XL.

Mammalia's scouts all hurried in,
They'd been on duty all the night,
And from the nut-groves came the din
Of preparation for the fight.
'Twas at Mammalia's fierce war-cry
The apes fell into rank with ease ;
All were prepared to do or die,
And from the valleys, hills, and trees,
The cry was havoc, war, and sack,
And Echo took it up and sent defiance back.

XLI.

Oh, thoughtless, cruel Echo, to
Become a partisan !—what for
Wouldst thou assist the fierce Chookoo
In an exterminating war ?
Is Evolution a war sprite
That thou shouldst mock and evolve sound
To give Mammalia's troops a fright
Upon their chosen battle ground ?
Keep silence in thy mystic glade ;
Why dost thou interfere, thou mocking, chattering jade !

the sublime madness of Pascal, 'Everywhere I see the inevitable expression of the infinite in the world. By it the supernatural is seen in the depths of every heart.' It is as thus viewed that the laws of development have been brought before us during the last quarter of a century—not as novelties, for in the conception they are of vast antiquity, but new in the sense that now for the first time they are presented as proven—are so solemn and impressive when rightly understood."

As the discoveries of astronomy were first steps toward infinite space—steps carrying us far enough upon the road to show that, of necessity, it must be infinite ; as the study of the movements of the heavenly bodies tells unmistakably of infinite time, so the recognition of development tells us that, as one might have anticipated, the domain of law is limited alike in space and time.

XLII.

The panic spread from host to host,
The armies answered yell for yell,
Whilst Echo, the malignant ghost,
Performed her mocking part too well.
Terror begat the thing it feared
And Echo doubled every cry ;
Whilst from afar, both wild and weird,
Unnumbered hosts seemed to defy
And weep and howl and rend the air ;
And Echo multiplied confusion and despair.

XLIII.

The day became as black as night,
The thunder rolled, the lightning flashed,
And Echo, the malignant sprite,
Answered the thunder as it crashed
And tore and rumbled through the air.
'Twas the fierce battle of the spheres
A-mingling with the deep despair
Of monkeys, adding to their fears,
No let-loose Babel or a hell
Could e'er be half so noisy, dark, and wild, and fell.

With the angel in Richter's dream, science, in the doctrine of everlasting Evolution, proclaims the solemn truth, "End is there none to the universe of God ; lo, also, there is no beginning."

No doubt when our progenitors were in a half-human state, the first sound of an echo must have had a bewildering and appalling effect upon them. Mr. Darwin says, "The fact that the lower animals are excited by the same emotions as ourselves is so well established, that it will not be necessary to weary the reader by many details. Terror acts in the same manner on them as on us, causing the muscles to tremble, the heart to palpitate, the sphincters to be relaxed, and the hair to stand on end."¹

¹ *Descent of Man*, vol. i., p. 39.

XLIV.

The wolf, the jackal, beasts of prey,
And ominous birds—the vulture, kite,
Came forth to add to the dismay
And swell the horrors of the fright.
Beast growled at beast, bird shrieked at bird,
Darkness o'er earth fell like a pall ;
Such lamentation ne'er was heard,
And every sound seemed to appal
And swell the terror of the strain,
And Echo undisturbed doubled the scare again.

XLV.

Amidst the strife of heaven and earth,
Mammalia, with her club in hand,
In queenly dignity came forth,
And took at once the chief command
Of all her panic-stricken tribe.
Earth's fittest mammal maiden then,
And Heaven's appointed fittest bride
To be the mother of all men,
Though but a monkey-maid in form,
Proved fittest to command amidst the howling storm.

“If the ape-like progenitors of man which inhabited any district, especially one undergoing some change in its conditions, were divided into equal bodies, the one half, which included all the individuals best adapted by their powers of movement for gaining subsistence or for defending themselves, would, on the average, survive in greater numbers and procreate more offspring than the other and less well-endowed half. Man in the rudest state in which he now exists is the most dominant animal that has ever appeared on earth. He has spread more widely than any other highly organised form, and all others have yielded before him. He manifestly owes his immense superiority to his intellectual faculties, his social habits (which lead him to aid and defend his fellows), and to his corporeal structure. The supreme

XLVI.

“Ah! crack thy cheeks, thou stormy wind!
Thunder, increase thy deafening roar!
Battle, ye gods! nor will ye find
A mammal maid afraid of war;
And thou, false Echo, chattering jade,
Come forth and show thy mimic face.
Of thee my warriors are afraid,
And so are all the mammal race.
Chookoo! Mammalia bids thee fight,
And oh! ye howling gods, grant victory to the right!”

XLVII.

Mammalia spoke in mammal tongue,¹
No other language monkeys knew;
And echo the defiance flung
In Chookoo's ear so clear and true
That Mammo yelled in sheer dismay
At his own cowardice—and then
In haste prepared for the affray,
And thus addressed his hairy men:
“Cease all those terror-stricken cries,
Mammalia calls for battle, and our hosts defies.”

importance of these characters has been proved by final arbitrament of the battle for life.”¹

¹ “I cannot doubt,” says Professor Max Müller, “that language owes its origin to the imitation and modification, aided by signs and gestures, of various natural sounds, the voices of other animals, and man's own instinctive cries.” And Mr. Darwin says—“When we treat of sexual selection we shall see that primeval man probably used his voice largely, as does one of the gibbon-apes at the present day, in producing true musical cadence, that is, in singing, we may conclude, from a wide-spread analogy, that this power would have been especially exerted during the courtship of the sexes, serving to express various emotions, as love, jealousy, triumph, and serving as a challenge to

¹ Darwin, *Descent of Man*, vol. i., p. 136.

XLVIII.

The thunder roared, the lightning flashed,
The rain in pattering torrents fell,
As each opposing army dashed
Into each other's ranks pell-mell.
Beast growled at beast, bird screeched at bird,
Whilst Echo doubled the uproar ;
Ne'er in the universe was heard
Nor seen such tumult, blood, and war.
Nor in the universal shock
Did Echo cease to yell and screech and howl and mock.

XLIX.

The battle was grotesque and cruel ;
In single combat and *en masse*
Apes fought, not by strategic rule—
'Twas simple massacre. Alas !
They spared not either young or old.
The struggle of the weak was brief ;
While the best fitted, strong and bold
To live, fought on ; and each brave chief
Rallied his warriors o'er the plain,
And dashed their foes among the dying and the slain.

their rivals. The imitations by articulate sounds of musical cries might have given rise to words expressive of various complex emotions.”¹

“As monkeys certainly understand much that is said to them by man, and as, in a state of nature, they utter signal-cries of danger to their fellows, it does not appear altogether incredible that some unusually wise ape-like animal should have thought of imitating the growl of a beast of prey, so as to indicate to his fellow-monkeys the nature of the expected danger. And this would have been the first step in the formation of language.”²

Descent of Man, vol. i., p. 56.

² *Ibid.*, vol. i., p. 57.

L.

The forkèd lightning swept the plain,
 Blasting the trees down to their roots,
Midst cracking thunder, war-cries, rain,
 And screeching birds, and yelping brutes,
And yelling apes—the havoc spread,
 With Echo mocking every sound ;
And heaps on heaps of monkey dead
 Were piled upon the flooded ground.
Blood ran like water round the huts,
And monkey-baby heads were cracked like cocoa-nuts.

LI.

“Survival of the fittest” here
 Was clearly proved beyond a doubt.
The monkeys, quite unknown to fear,
 Fought to the end the battle-out ;
Each foeman dealt out blow for blow,
 Till there was only one remained,
And that one had nor friend nor foe ;
 And though he had the battle gained,
To him how great had been the cost,
For she, for whom he fought, was either killed or lost.

LII.

Chookoo, the terrible in war,
 With club stained o’er with blood and hair,
Ne’er looked so terrible before.
 The victor was in wild despair ;
Alone he stood upon the plain—
 A wounded, solitary chief ;
Mammalia lost, his army slain,
 Of all bereft, except his grief.
Aghast, he yelled, “Mammalia’s dead !”
And Echo mockingly replied, “Mammalia’s dead !”

LIII.

Slowly he moved around the dead,
Turned o'er the bodies of the slain ;
He could not think the maid had fled ;
He searched the huts, but searched in vain.
If dead, he knew she would be found
Where most of her fierce foemen fell.
Again he searched the battle-ground,
And o'er the plain rang his wild yell.
Alas ! of mankind now, how few
In love and war are equal to the brave Chookoo !

LIV.

"None but the brave deserve the fair."
'Neath heaps of dead Mammalia lies ;
And there hung then upon a thread
The future human destinies.
Her home destroyed, her kindred slain,
And she left 'neath the dead to die
Alone, unwept, upon the plain.
And when 'twould seem no friend was nigh,
Chookoo the wounded maiden found,
And raised her to his heart, and dressed her bleeding wound.

LV.

Oh, thou inimitable man !
In thy brief life thou art a god ;
Behold how thy proud race began,
Nor rule thy brother with a rod.
Thy sire a monkey—aye, a beast—
With pointed ears and curly tail ;
To curb thy pride this thought at least
To thee should be of some avail.
Think when thou dost a monkey see,
'Tis by the favour of the gods thou art not he !

LVI.

For four things men should not be blamed :
First their low origin of birth ;
Nor need they feel at all ashamed
They're made from monkeys—not from earth.¹
Their love for woman, too, descends
From the flat-headed ape Chookoo.
Their love and constancy for friends
Are legacies of monkeys too ;
Nor should sweet woman dread to trace
All her exquisite beauty to a monkey's face.

LVII.

Mammalia, safe in Chookoo's arms,
Was carried gently to her hut ;
And, by the use of monkey charms,
And milk from the sweet cocoa-nut,
She soon became herself again ;
And her late foe, now foe no more,
With loving care assuaged her pain,
And shut and fastened well the door ;
For unclean birds, and beasts of prey,
Over the monkey-carrion mixed in bloody fray.

¹ "Whether primeval man, when he possessed few arts of the rudest kind, and when his powers of language were extremely imperfect, would have deserved to have been called man, must depend on the definition which we employ. In a series of forms graduating insensibly from some ape-like creature to man as he now exists, it would be impossible to fix on any definite point when the term 'man' ought to be used. But this is a matter of little importance. So, again, it is almost a matter of indifference whether the so-called races of men are thus designated, or are ranked as species or sub-species. Finally, we may conclude that when the principles of Evolution are generally accepted, as they surely will be before long, the dispute between the monogenists and the polygenists will die a sudden and unobserved

LVIII.

Ah, what could the primordial be
That first filled earth with warring life ?
Was it a tadpole, toad, or tree,
With germs of undeveloped strife ;
Or was it some carnivorous seed
In which pugnacious spawn was blent,
Which grew or burst into a breed
That through each age have torn and rent
Life out of life, for greed and gain,
And horribly to live and fatten on the slain ?¹

LIX.

The raven croaked, the lion roared,
The black wolf howled, the vulture shrieked,
The tiger his poor victim pawed,
And, whilst he growled, his muzzle reeked
With the hearts'-blood of creatures slain.
The thunder rolled, the lightning flashed,
And o'er the bloody battle plain
The elements in fury clashed,
And angry bird and angry beast
Still growled and battled o'er their foul carnivorous feast.

death."¹ This may be a matter of little importance to those who believe in man's future and higher life ; the term "man" must date from the time when he received from his God the breath of responsible life.

¹ If it were not for wars, epidemics, famine, and other checks, our globe would soon become too small to contain animal life. Mr. Darwin, quoting Malthus, says civilised populations have been known, under favourable conditions, to double their number in twenty-five years ; and according to a calculation by Euler, this might occur in a little over twelve years. At the former rate the present population of the United States, viz., 30,000,000, would in 657 years cover the whole terraque-

¹ *Descent of Man*, vol., i. p. 235.

LX.

At last the fittest gained the fight,
And all the weakly ones were slain ;
The strong had gloried in their might—
To earth the battle had been gain.
The warring elements had, too,
The air completely purified ;
The mammal chief, the brave Chookoo,
The maid had won to be his bride.
The moon came out, and brightly shone,
And Evolution, too, a victory had won.

LXI.

What better could the mammals do
Than live as loving man and wife ?
Alas, that it should e'er be true
That love should grow from blood and strife !
The man of war who kills most foes
Is loved the most by timid maid.
Love is so mixed with human woes
That 'tis well known and truly said,
"No one can tear the twain apart,
What power can force a hero from a woman's heart?"

ous globe so thickly that four men would have to stand on each square yard of surface. If we look back to an extremely remote epoch, before man had arrived at the dignity of manhood, he would have been guided more by instinct and less by reason than are savages at the present time. Our early semi-human progenitors would not have practised infanticide, for the instincts of the lower animals are never so perverted as to lead them regularly to destroy their offspring. There would have been no prudential restraint from marriage, and the sexes would have freely united at an early age. Hence the progenitors of man would have tended to increase rapidly; but checks of some kind, either periodical or constant, must have kept down their numbers, even more severely than existing savages. What the precise nature of

LXII.

The softest hand of maiden fair
Will grasp the hand that blood hath shed ;
And the strong hand that toys her hair
And hath struck many a foeman dead
To her is free from guilt or taint ;
And he who owns it she would wed
Far sooner than she would a saint ;
Nor is it libel when 'tis said,
“ Of lovely woman, there are some
Would like to enter heaven by the roll of drum.”

LXIII.

King Saul a thousand men hath slain,
The Israelitish women sang ;
And louder swelled their thrilling strain
When David from his chariot sprang,
For he ten thousand foemen slew :
They loved him best, he'd slain the most ;
For him they danced and sackbuts blew,
And courage raised in Israel's host.
For deeds of blood, Mammalia too
Soon learnt to love and praise her warrior chief Chookoo.

these checks may have been we cannot say, any more than with most other animals. We know that horses and cattle, which are not highly prolific animals, when first turned loose in South America, increased at an enormous rate. The slowest breeder of all animals, viz., the elephant, would in a few thousand years stock the whole world. The warrior, even when only half-human, has ever been the favourite of woman, and no one can doubt that war has been one of the checks to keep down the population ; but it is only one check. Savages encroach on each other's territories, and war is the result ; but, indeed, they are almost always at war with their neighbours. Innumerable are the checks to the increase of the race—the disease of infants in its various phases ; and famine in its terrible gauntness ; and men are liable to

LXIV.

Of life on earth, in air and seas,
Mammalia's was the highest type ;
Her shoulders, elbows, ankles, knees,
In form were human—she was ripe
For Evolution's great event :
The perfecting of mammal life
By graduation of descent.
She'd conquer midst a world of strife.
She'd neither tail nor pointed ears,
And to evolve such form it took ten thousand years.

LXV.

Nor had the warrior chief Chookoo
A curly tail or pointed ears ;¹
And, like Mammalia, he had too
A form that took unnumbered years
To evolve to half-human shape.
Manhood was stamped upon his brow ;
Nor could you trace in him the ape
More than you could in some men now.
The monkey-tricks of modern men
Are more developed now than they were then.

many accidents on land and water in their search for food ; and in some countries they must suffer much from the larger beasts of prey. Even in India districts have been depopulated by the ravages of tigers.

¹ “According to popular impression, the absence of a tail is eminently distinctive of man, but as those apes which come nearest to man are destitute of this organ, its disappearance does not especially concern us. Nevertheless it may be as well to own that no explanation, as far as I am aware, has ever been given of the loss of the tail by certain apes and man. . . . With respect to the os coccyx, which in man and the higher apes manifestly consists of the few basal tapering segments of an ordinary tail, I have heard it asked, how could

LXVI.

“Poor Topsy was not born, she grew,”
Once said a little negro child ;
And this applied would be quite true
(Although it may seem strangely wild)
To the most proud and courtly man.
Man is descended from Chookoo,
And Chookoo from “Ascidian ;”
And if biology be true
This creature was a leathery sac
With two small orifices on his ugly back.

these things become completely imbedded in the body ? But there is no difficulty in this respect, for in many monkeys the basal segments of the true tail are thus imbedded. For instance, Murie informs me that in the skeleton of a not full-grown *Macacus inornatus*, he counted nine or ten caudal vertebræ which altogether were only 1.8 of an inch in length. Of these, three basal ones appear to have been imbedded ; the remainder forming the free part of the tail, which was only one inch in length and half an inch in diameter. Here, then, the three imbedded caudal vertebræ plainly correspond with the four coalesced vertebræ of the human os coccyx.”¹

Mr. Darwin says, “The fact of the hair being chiefly retained in the male sex on the chest and face, and in both sexes at the junction of the four limbs with the trunk, favours the inference that man became divested of hair from having originally inhabited some tropical land, and that the hair was lost before man became erect ; the crown of the head, however, offers a curious exception, for at all times it must have been exposed to the sun, and yet it is thickly clothed with hair. In this respect man agrees with the great majority of quadrupeds, which generally have their upper and exposed surfaces more thickly clothed than the lower surfaces. . . . Still there is not sufficient evidence to show that man became naked through the action of the sun. I am inclined to believe that man, or rather, primarily, woman, became divested of hair for ornamental purposes ; and according to this belief it is not surprising that man should differ so greatly in hairiness from all his lower brethren, for character gained through

¹ Darwin, *Descent of Man*, vol. i., p. 151.

LXVII.

Dame Nature's process carried on
By Mammalia and brave Chookoo
Evolved for them a little son,
Nor was it long ere they had two;
Then daughters came—an improved race,
In them the monkey scarce was seen;
Hair they had none on neck or face,
No one would think that they had been
Of the pure mammal monkey breed
For they were nude; but then, what clothing did they
need?

LXVIII.

What sculptor models half so well
As Nature when she's left alone?
In all true art she must excel
In life and form and touch and tone.
Oh, how exquisite is the shape
Of woman—what unique design
Was modelled from an ugly ape;
The *tout ensemble* is divine,
Evolved from ape—evolved from clod,
She's like an angel moulded by the hand of God!

sexual selection often differs in closely related forms to an extraordinary degree.”¹

No woman, however fantastical in her taste, would seriously wish to go back to her original monkeyhood. How awfully humiliating even to imagine a woman with a long hairy tail! Still, Mr Darwin says:—“There are instances, though rare, in our day where there are found in men and women the rudiments of a tail. The os coccyx in man, though functionless as a tail, plainly represents this part in other vertebrate animals. At an early embryonic period it is free, and, as we have seen, projects beyond the lower extremities. In certain rare and anomalous cases it has been known, according to Isidore St.

¹ Darwin, *Descent of Man*, vol. i., p. 29.

LXIX.

With some dear mammals of our day
'Twould seem they clearly understood
How to evolve the backward way
To the old form of monkeyhood.
They do not like the broad, flat heel,
Nor do they like a Venus waist,
They would improve the potter's wheel
To turn them out more slim and chaste.
They love the monkey's fringe of hair
O'er their smooth brow,—'tis quite unique, although not rare !

LXX.

Dame Nature took ten thousand years
To mould their perfect shape, and yet
They'd drown themselves in floods of tears
To show the force of their regret,
If they who are the modern belles
Were not allowed their puffs and paint,
Cosmetics, pads, and other spells.
Besides, they say 'twould vex a saint,
Ojibbeways, or dark Feejees,
Could they not make and mend and touch up where they
pleased.

Hilaire, and others, to form a small external rudiment of a tail. The os coccyx is usually short, including only four vertebræ, and these are in a rudimental condition, for they consist, with the exception of the basal one, of the centrum alone. They are furnished with small muscles, one of which, I am informed by Professor Turner, has been expressly described by Theile as a rudimentary repetition of the extensor of the tail, which is so largely developed in many mammals. . . . Luschka has recently discovered, at the extremity of the coccygeal bones, a very peculiar convoluted body, which is continuous with the middle sacral artery ; and this discovery led Krause and Meyer to examine the tail of a monkey '*Macacus*' and of a cat, in both of

LXXI.

And peradventure they are right ;
Mammalia, too, ruled in her day ;
She made her children walk upright
And hold their heads the proper way,
Cut short their nails on toes and paws ;
And, quite against their natural bent,
If they were seen to walk all-fours
And show their very low descent
She made Chookoo well "tan their hide"
For not in their deportment showing proper pride.

LXXII.

And time rolled on and bore away
Mammalia and her brave Chookoo,
For they like us, born to decay,
Had done the work they had to do.
May our small work be done as well !
They left a progeny that grew
And multiplied, and rose and fell,
Whilst Evolution moved as true
As when from the Ascidian
By graduation she began to evolve man.

which they found, though not at the extremity, a similarly convoluted body."¹

"If the gorilla and a few allied forms had become extinct, it might have been argued, with great force and apparent truth, that an animal could not have been gradually converted from a quadruped into a biped, as all the individuals in an intermediate condition would have been miserably ill-fitted for progression, but we know (and this is well worthy of reflection) that several kinds of apes are now actually in this intermediate condition, and no one doubts that they are on the whole well adapted for their condition of life. Thus the gorilla runs with a sidelong shambling gait, but more commonly progresses by resting on his bent hands. The long-armed apes occasionally use their arms like

¹ *Descent of Man*, vol. i., pp. 29, 30.

LXXIII.

Again there was another lapse,
Millions of years came forth and went
Their cycling courses round—the gaps
Cannot be filled, though the descent
Of man worked slowly on and sure.
Natural selection was the charm
Which truly made the mammals pure
In trunk and head, in leg and arm,
And the full time was ripe at length
When man came forth in all his beauty and his strength.

LXXIV.

Says Moses, God made man of dust
And breathed in him the breath of life ;
And Eve, if we can Moses trust,
Was Adam's rib and then his wife.
The rib-hypothesis has won
Great victories for unbelief ;
'Twas metaphorically done,
And of all errors 'tis the chief.
And now what science would enjoin,
To disbelieve the rib and hold it was the loin.

crutches, swinging their bodies forward between them, and some kinds of *hylobates*, without having been taught, walk or run upright with tolerable quickness ; yet they moved awkwardly and less securely than man. We see, in short, with existing monkeys, various gradations between a form of progression and that of a biped man. . . . The early progenitors of man were furnished with great canine teeth ; but as they gradually acquired the habit of using stones, clubs, and other weapons for fighting with their enemies, they would have used their jaws and tusks less and less. In this case the jaws and teeth would have become reduced in size, the adult skull would have presented nearly the same character which it offers in the young of the anthropomorphous apes, and would thus have come to resemble man."¹

¹ Darwin, *Descent of Man*, vol. i., p. 144.

LXXV.

In other words, Eve was evolved
By graduation of descent,
The rib-hypothesis is solved ;
Now science knows what Moses meant.
'Twas from the loins that Eve was made.¹
And those may doubt the truth who can,
Science the fact will not evade
How truly Eve was made of man.
A misinterpreted small word
Here makes a most important truth appear absurd.

LXXVI.

Suppose a Being made a wheel,
A wheel that would evolve alone,
A little wheel you'd scarcely feel ;
And we'll suppose 'twas made of stone ;
And as the wheel evolved it grew
To many wheels, each moving round,
And all the movements moving true
Until a perfect watch was found,
Self-winding and with balance-rod,—
Would He not be, who made the wheel, Almighty God ?

How many thousand or million years it took to evolve man into his present form and beauty, none can tell ; this problem science will never solve ; in the fulness of time man stood forth in his majesty, the noblest creature of God.

¹ We know that in the Old as well as the New Dispensation, the history of the past, present, and future was figuratively given. God in His wisdom forgives the foolishness of His creatures. Nor would He have them to believe that He took a rib out of the side of the man He had just made to make a woman. Then, as now, God's laws were unalterable ; and He who is a perfect God, and who hath made and upholdeth millions of worlds, would not deviate in His eternal purposes for the sake of making His creatures believe what is contrary to the sense He hath given them. There is profanity in the thought to

LXXVII.

And do we then dishonour God
When we believe He made the wheel ;
Or the primordial from a clod,
A toad, a tadpole, or an eel ?
To evolve for unnumbered years,
Guided by His eternal law,
And that, through His creative spheres,
Down the long ages He foresaw
The form—say, the “ Ascidian ”—
By graduation of descent, evolve a man.

LXXVIII.

Oh, what eternal power and might
In the slow process do we see ;
How it exalts the Infinite
That His creative law is free,
Evolving small things into great,
And not by chance, but by a plan ;
Nor by the false thing men call “ fate,”
But by Himself—He, God, made man.
Endless progression’s in the word—
“ I’ve made man from the dust of earth,” “ Thus saith the
Lord.”

suppose God a conjuror. God forbid that we, in the days of mind-enlightenment, should be so profane as to believe in such unnecessary miraculous power. God made one man only, and woman was the fruit of man’s loins, and if Darwin is right—that man and apes were evolved from a common ancestor—then in all probability the mother of Eve was an anthropomorphous ape. If we grant this, as Dr. Pusey says, even the Christian faith as to man’s true place among God’s creatures would be untouched.

“Although the doctrine of Evolution appears to run counter to Moses’ account of creation, still it is more in appearance than in fact. God as truly made man, and one only, when He breathed into him the breath of life, as if He had made him from the dust

LXXIX.

And when the human was matured
For the indwelling of a God,
And the Almighty was assured
The temple fit for His abode,
Into man's nostrils breath He poured,
Drove out the beast, and made him whole ;
The creature knew God and adored,
And man became "a living soul."
To higher life destined to rise,
The breath of God to man was to immortalise.

LXXX.

God might have made an angel when
He breathed in man the breath of life ;
Responsibility man then
Would have escaped, and care and strife ;
He might have basked beneath the sun,
And lived a life of sensuous ease ;
And Evolution might have run
And left undone all God's decrees.
But what a tame, insipid thing,
If man on earth had nought to do but flap a wing.

of the earth. God first made the form of a living creature, and He also made the force, and guided it with His power, which produced and prepared the creature for His indwelling" (*Canon Liddon*). "And what are we," says Dr. Pusey, "that we should object to any mode of creation as unfitting our Creator?" Mr. Darwin has simply put the hands of the clock back, believing that the time and mode of God's work were not correctly given by Moses. Nor does Mr. Darwin lay claim to infallibility. He says, "If I have erred in giving to 'Natural Selection' great power, which I am far from admitting, or in having exaggerated its power, which is in itself probable, I have at least, as I hope, done good service in aiding to overthrow the dogma of separate creation."

"There is no great difficulty, as we have said, in reconciling Darwin

LXXXI.

Eternal wisdom this foresaw,
And, ere earth formed, God did decree
Man should be governed by His law,
Which was, and is, and is to be,
A law of universal toil
And battle for the higher life ;
And man who'd gather up the spoil
Must conquer in this mortal strife.
The sluggard has himself to blame
If he succeeds not in the fight on earth's domain.

with Moses' account of the formation of man, the first form God created from the dust of earth, into which He breathed the breath of life, and thus the first man was made. And this one man, the progenitor of our race, was robed in supernatural grace ; he had a full power of knowing and understanding good and evil, and choosing between them ; the choice was placed before him ; he chose to disobey ; and with this fatal choice he forfeited the grace with which he had been invested, and transmitted to his descendants a nature fatally impoverished and tainted. These truths do not belong to the fringe of Christian belief—they are of its essence ; they are the counterpart of man's spiritual history of the redemption which was achieved by the Incarnation and Death of the Eternal Son of God. One man only there must have been to whom the gift of a soul, with free will and self-consciousness, was originally given, and from whom all other men are since descended. The great antithesis of the first and second Adam would disappear from our faith if we could suppose that mankind were derived from more than one natural parent."—*Canon Liddon*.

"When naturalists observe a close agreement in numerous small details of habits, tastes, and dispositions between two or more domestic races, or between nearly-allied natural forms, they use this fact as an argument that all are derived from a common progenitor who was thus endowed ; and consequently that all should be classed under the same species. The same argument may be applied with much force to the races of man."¹

¹ Darwin, *Descent of Man*, vol. i., p. 233.

LXXXII.

If God had made man a machine,
With no ambition, hope, or trust,
"Automaton" would best define
Man as mere animated dust.
No aspirations to be great
Beyond a fish, a bird, or beast ;
Or, like the rustic on a gate
Who swings and dreams about a feast,
The man, though free from sin and taint,
Would be in mind a pig, although in heart a saint.

LXXXIII.

The mind, as it came out from God,
Was quite an independent will,
Without an atom of the clod,
And free to work both good and ill.
The apple Eve's supposed to eat
Was metaphorically the mind.
Some evil in it tried to cheat
God's love, and make His justice blind.
In fact, it was a will perverse
Which entailed on mankind the deep and awful curse.

LXXXIV.

The will perverse, the "Evil One"
Took lodgment in the human heart ;
And evil since that day has won
Great battles ; nor will he depart
Unless expelled by moral force.
Thus good and evil are at war,
Each tries to shape for man a course.
Almighty wisdom this foresaw,
And turned the forces, good and ill,
To man's advantage and to work His sovereign will.

LXXXV.

The fittest will survive the fight,
And man is free to lose or win ;
To take the wrong road or the right,
To do the good thing, or to sin.
The good will lead to higher life,
And sin will meet with its reward ;
Man is ennobled by the strife,
And bound to keep both watch and ward,
To conquer sin and reach the goal
And prove his title to a blest immortal soul.

LXXXVI.

The universal fitness then
Comes down the ages from afar ;
The law's eternal ; as with men
It is with every rolling star.
Each star is fittest for its sphere,
Surviving only to fulfil
The working out of an idea
Formed in the great Eternal Will.
Ten million worlds move on through space,
And each world God has made best fitted for its place.

“There is no possible limit to be fixed to ‘the survival of the fittest.’ Even our very language must submit to its sway. We see variability in every tongue, and new words are continually cropping up ; but as there is a limit to the powers of memory, single words, like whole languages, gradually become extinct. As Max Müller says, a struggle for life is constantly going on amongst the words and grammatical forms in each language. The better, the shorter, the easier forms are constantly gaining the upper hand, and they owe their success to their own inherent virtue. To these more important causes of the survival of certain words, mere novelty may, I think, be added ; for there is in the mind of man a strong love for slight changes in all things. The survival or the preservation of certain favoured words in the struggle for existence is ‘natural selection.’”

LXXXVII.

The dwarfish oak with surface root
Falls down before the winter's blast ;
The sickly fruit-trees bear no fruit,
And are into the furnace cast.
The fittest oak the storm survives
And holds its own with giant ease ;
Its roots are deep, and it contrives
To outlive all the forest trees.
And so we find the fittest rock
Will hold its hoary head above the earthquake's shock.

LXXXVIII.

The rise and fall of empires too¹
Obey the same eternal law,
When old worlds were destroyed by new
Civilisation followed war,
And fell broadcast o'er every land ;
The sword, the battle-axe, and spear,
In the fierce warrior's brawny hand,
Have cut and made the passage clear
For knowledge to o'er-run the world,
Whilst truth by violence down the ages hath been hurled.

¹ And is the war-demon less powerful now in controlling mankind than he was when he broke up the old Egyptian, Assyrian, and Roman empires? Assuredly not. The war-spirit in mankind is the same, and the power to destroy life and devastate nations is more terrible now than it was in olden times. The bow, the sword, and the spear could no more prevent in our time one nation from destroying another than could the supposed birch-broom of Mother Shipton successfully sweep back the tide into the ocean. If we look at ourselves as a nation, what do we see? We find that in order to keep alive our national existence we have to arm with the most deadly weapons that the brain or the ingenuity of man can invent. Each day adds to our terrible power of destruction. One of our death-dealing weapons would lick up more human lives behind mighty fortifications in an hour than the weapons

LXXXIX.

And what is truth? ah me! it is
A never-dying vital force.
'Tis one of God's great agencies
To turn man to a righteous course.
It is a many-headed light
Revolving on the earth's dark way,
An handmaid of the Infinite
To point men to a brighter day.
Nor will the light of truth abate
When all God's purposes on earth shall consummate.

XC.

E'er since the world evolved to form
And creatures moved upon its face,
The fittest have survived the storm
Of beasts and of the human race.
But as the world grows old 'tis seen
The fight grows fierce—'tis hard to live,
War to the knife rages between
Mankind, and none do quarter give.
In learning, commerce, trade, and war,
Such battling, struggling, strife, was never seen before.

of ancient times would destroy in a year. Some of our war-ships are armour-plated with iron from 16 to 24 inches thick. Our guns belch forth shells weighing a ton each, with a bursting charge that would rend asunder the strongest fortress built by the hand of man. Our torpedoes and infernal machines have a force that would split the solid rock and cast it into the midst of the sea. Why are we thus armed? Because all the nations of the earth are armed with the same death-dealing instruments, and are ever adding to their weapons of destruction. In fact, in this year of grace, nations are as much living on sufferance as they were in the most barbarous times of the world's history. The whole of civilised moral Christian Europe is at this moment armed to the teeth with the most deadly weapons ever known, in preparation either to hold fast its own or to seize the vineyards of

XCI.

Fight on, fight on, the demon cries,
The world is yours as much as theirs ;
And he who struggles, sells, and buys,
Fights on and fails, and then despairs ;
He's not the fittest and must fall.
He does not steal, nor lie, nor cheat,
He heeded not the devil's call,
His honesty has brought defeat.
He's pushed aside for others, who
Survive the fight by doing things he would not do.

XCII.

For poverty is God to blame ?¹
His bounties flow for one and all ;
On man's own greed must rest the shame
Entailed on him by Adam's fall.
The rich man fights to keep his wealth
And battles to increase his store ;
And though wealth cannot purchase health,
When dying still he craves for more.
His riches as a rule remain
For other men to spend what he has lived to gain.

its neighbours. Let one nation fancy its interest threatened or its honour wounded, and the world, perchance, would be set in a blaze, and territories would change hands and millions of lives would be sacrificed ; and what is all this but a continuation of "The Battle for Life ?"

¹ It sometimes staggers the faith of man when God works contrary to their notions of right and wrong. Some foolishly fancy God should have made all men equally rich, instead of compelling the race to fight for their temporal as well as their eternal crown. What a tame and insipid world would the wisdom of man have made for us, without aim, object, or aspirations. Eternal wisdom foresaw that to ennoble life it was necessary for man to work out his temporal as well as his eternal salvation by his own activities. God offers a prize to every

XCIII.

'Tis not the wrong will always thrive,
Nor those who love dishonest gain ;
Right is the fittest to survive,
And being fittest right will reign.
The battle will be fierce and long,
But right will triumph in the end ;
The law that governs right is strong,
And might will one day right defend ;
And when right hath the battle won
'Twill then be known that might and right and God are one.

XCIV.

If there's on earth a righteous cause
For which good men would even die,
Why should not men for Nature's laws
And science bear some obloquy ?¹
The little science known as yet
In time will be more fully known ;
Nor in due course will men forget
The gift of science, and will own
That Evolution hath evolved
More happiness to men than science dreamed or solved.

one who will strive to win the race. But he who folds his arms and tarries by the way is not the fittest for this life, nor for the life that is to come.

¹ That those who believe in the Darwinian doctrine have had, like their founder, to bear obloquy none can deny, and that there are "vials of wrath" in store for all who dare accept the new doctrine none can doubt ; still, against opposition and condemnation, the works of Mr. Darwin, slowly at first, but with increasing rapidity, have made their way to an almost general acceptance, and their anathematizers have been bound to find a *modus vivendi* between their creeds and the theories propounded in *The Origin of Species* and *The Descent of Man*. Of such highly-educated and liberal-minded men as Dr. Pusey and Canon Liddon we expect liberal opinions—each of them can always

XCV.

The world must e'er be full of woe
 Whilst empires mix in blood and strife,
And each can see in each a foe
 Ready to take a nation's life ;
With torpedoes and dynamite,
 And rifle, sword, and cannon ball,
Empires defy empires to fight,
 Nations by war now stand or fall,
And still the fittest will contrive
By the unerring law of fitness to survive.

XCVI.

The law of Evolution rules
 Supremely in the realms of mind ;
Did it not rule, then all the schools
 Would be blind leaders of the blind.
The baby-man is at his birth
 A dull and placid stupid thing,
Though to the mother all the earth
 Contains nought half so promising ;
And yet a new-born sucking-calf
Knows more than all the babies in the world by half.

render an account of the faith that is in them, and midst an intellectual world in arms can maintain their own. Still these men, although they do not altogether accept the Darwinian theory, do not condemn it as the work of the devil to hurt the Christian faith.

Canon Liddon (*The Recovery of St. Thomas*, p. 26) says, "When the well-known books of Mr. Darwin on *The Origin of Species* and *The Descent of Man* first appeared, they were largely regarded by religious men as containing a theory necessarily hostile to the fundamental truths of religion. A closer study has generally modified any such impression. If the theory of 'Natural Selection' has given a powerful impulse to the general doctrine of 'Evolution,' it is seen that whether the creative activity of God is manifest through catastrophes, so to call them, or by way of a progressive evolution, it is still His creative activity, and that the really great question beyond remains untouched.

XCVII.

But like the bright Damascus blade,
Which well reflects its maker's face,
In the child's mind it may be said
"Anon the mind of God we'll trace,
The intellect, the motive force,
Lies hidden in the dormant brain,
But Evolution, in due course,
Will set it on its throne to reign.
Nor will its essence e'er dissolve ;
To higher life for evermore it will evolve."

XCVIII.

Man has a power like God, although
Infinitesimally small ;
What greater gift could God bestow ?
The elements obey man's call ;
Man divides darkness from the light,
Makes electricity his slave ;
Swift as the wind he takes his flight
O'er earth, in air, and o'er the wave.
He speaks like God, his words are hurled
Distinctly in a moment all around the world.

The evolutionary process, supposing it to exist, must have had a beginning. Who began it ? It must have had material to work with. Who furnished this material ? It is or it obeys a law, or a system of laws. Who enacted them ? Even supposing that the theory represents an absolute truth, and is not merely a provisional way of looking at things incidental to the present state of knowledge, those great questions are just as little to be decided by physical science now as they were when Moses wrote. And there are apparently three important gaps in evolutionary sequence, which it is well to bear in mind. There is the great gap between the highest animal instinct, and the reflective, self-measuring, self-analysing mind of man. There is the greater gap between life and the more highly organized matter. There is the greatest gap of all between matter and nothing. At these three points, so far as we can see, the Creative Will must have inter-

XCIX.

Supremely good, moved by God's hand,
Is Evolution for the race ;
The fittest to the end will stand,
If there's an end to Time and Space.
Time's the eternal way or road,
And Evolution is God's law
To evolve souls for His abode.

Christ is divine, and Christ foresaw
Through His own death there would evolve
Eternal life for man—this Science cannot solve.

vened, otherwise than by way of evolution out of existing material, to create mind—to create life—to create matter."

The revolution in scientific method and scientific doctrine brought about by the publication of Mr. Darwin's works, has been ably handled by Professor Huxley in his *Coming-of-age of the Origin of Species*. He says, "In fact, those who have watched the progress of science within the last ten years, will bear me out to the full when I assert that there is no field of biological inquiry in which the influence of *The Origin of Species* is not traceable ; the foremost men of science in every country are either avowed champions of its leading doctrines, or at any rate abstain from opposing them ; a host of young men and ardent investigators seek for and find inspiration and guidance in Mr. Darwin's great works ; and the general doctrine of Evolution, to which they are connected, finds in the phenomena of biology a firm base of operations, whence they may conduct their conquest of the whole of nature." What Professor Huxley here states has lately been carried out by the students of the Kieff University. The students asked permission of the Kieff Censors to allow them to send to the family of the late Mr. Darwin the following telegraphic message of condolence :—"Russian youth mourns the loss of the great teacher and champion of Truth, whom it honours as the genius disclosing the mysteries of the struggle for existence, allotting to man his place in the scheme of nature, guiding erroneous ideas in the path of eternal progress, and showing by his example how Truth may and can be served." It is scarcely surprising that a message in which truth and progress are so favourably alluded to should be peremptorily suppressed by a Russian Censor. After all, what have the highest aspirations to fear from the investigations and speculations of a man who is capable of writing as Mr. Darwin does in his concluding pages of *The Descent*

of Man. "Important as the struggle for existence has been, and still is, yet, as far as the highest part of man's nature is concerned, there are other agencies more important. For the moral qualities are advanced, either directly or indirectly, much more through the effects of habit, the reasoning powers, instruction, religion, &c., than through natural selection, though to this latter agency may be safely attributed the social instincts which afford the basis for the development of the moral sense. . . . For my own part I would as soon be descended from the heroic little monkey who braved his dreaded enemy to save the life of his keeper, or from that old baboon who, descending from the mountains, carried away in triumph his young comrade from a crowd of astonished dogs, as from a savage who delights to torture his enemies, offers up bloody sacrifices, practises infanticide without remorse, treats his wives like slaves, knows no decency, and is haunted with the grossest superstition. Man may be excused for feeling some pride at having risen, though not by his own exertions, to the very summit of the organic scale; and the fact of his having thus risen, instead of having been aboriginally placed there, may give him hope for a still higher destiny in the distant future.

"But we are not here concerned with hopes and fears, only with truth as far as our reason permits us to discern it; and I have given the evidence to the best of my ability. We must, however, acknowledge, as it seems to me, that man with all his noble qualities, with sympathy that feels for the most debased, with benevolence which extends not only to man but to the humblest living creature, with God-like intellect which has penetrated into the movements and constitutions of the solar system,—with all these exalted powers, man still bears in his bodily frame the indelible stamp of his low origin."

Having said so much, we wish Mr. Darwin, for the sake of humanity, had added a little more, and given his views more determinedly on that part of man which could not by any possible means have been evolved—that superadded life which was breathed into man's nostrils when he became a living soul. Mr. Darwin holds man up as the noblest of God's creatures—as having a "hope for a higher destiny;" he talks of his "noble qualities" and "sympathies;" of his "God-like intellect." If "God-like," why not go a little farther and say, that that God-likeness was impressed on man by the very breath of God, and, being part of God, must endure for ever. This, it may be said, is quite outside the field of science; but it is inside the being of man, and is as palpable to his inner life as the most solid piece of matter is to the touch of his material fingers. It was placed in man by Almighty God, and that breath of life is the motive force of science; yea, it is the creator of science as much as God is the Creator and Upholder of the material Universe.

Part II.

MIND AND BODY.

PART II.

“MANY persons, mocking, ask—What has mind to do with brain substance, white and grey? Can any facts or laws regarding the spirit of man be gained through a scrutiny of nerve fibres and nerve cells?”¹

Thus begins a book by one of the cleverest fencers to be found in the school of logic. Professor Bain begins his scientific research by addressing myths, and then he plunges at once into what at first sight would appear one of the most mythical subjects ever attacked by occult science; and when he thinks he has completed his research, he retires like the architect after putting on the top-stone to an edifice, with the following eulogy on his work:—“There is nothing farther to be done—nothing farther to be desired. Nor have we here any reason to be dissatisfied with this position, to complain of baulked satisfaction, or of being on a lower platform than we might possibly occupy. Our intelligence is fully honoured, fully implemented, by the possession of a principle as wide in its sweep as the phenomenon itself.”² By this summing up of his case he implies that he has completely annihilated that principle in man known as immaterial. This dictum bids us understand that we have no right to aspire after that which is beyond our full vision—no apprehension of truths that defy comprehension; so that, he having bound us to matter, and shown us that the brain is the soul of man, we ought to be thankful and hug the chain that trammels us. It is, however, some comfort for us to be told by the majority of scientific men that we must not accept as an established

¹ *Mind and Body*, p. 1.

² *Ibid.*, p. 122.

fact all the pretensions of science; they tell us that the reality of things is not always within their sphere; and this idea is embodied in the single word "Phenomena." The term is merely a learned word for appearances; and when it is said we only know phenomena, the meaning is that our observations and our thoughts penetrate only to appearances. It is, therefore, some comfort to know that the science propounded by Professor Bain deals not with what he professes it to deal, but only with that which belongs to an apparent world. The true reality of things, at least of life, remains beyond his grasp. It is said that no discoverer or leader in science should speak without reminding us to what a small depth their knowledge reaches, and how profound a mystery hides itself behind all that scientific men can teach us. A writer in the *Cornhill Magazine* says truly, "We talk proudly of man's dominion over nature, of scanning the heavens, of taming the lightning, and we may add, of the anatomist and physiologist by the knife and by physical science turning the soul of man into a lump of fleshy matter; still neither they nor we can see beyond the show of things. The shadow is there, but the substance eludes the grasp. Like the physiognomist, we may indeed decipher something of nature from the aspect of her countenance, but we cannot see the working of her inmost soul. Nor should the justification of our poetic instincts be ignored by science, for in the hidden essence—the spirit, the soul, which is the true life—there is a beauty and a worth which no perception can exaggerate. Granted that the mere forms which we deal with in the shape of material things have not in themselves an adaptation that can be recognised, that it is even an utter mystery how vibration of the air should convey to us the infinite harmony with which music is fraught, or how anything we see or touch should generate thought and emotion within us, yet the mystery is elucidated when we remember that it is not truly they, but some deep unknown existence of which, with all the sanction

of modern demonstration, we may affirm that there is in it that to which pleasure, pain, love, desire, and hatred, are akin."

"Pursuing material laws," says Sir J. Herschel, "we find that they open out vista after vista which leads onward to the point where the material blends with and is lost in the spiritual intelligence, and finds its affinity with the eternal." Pursue, then, scientific research in this way, and science, which is one of the greatest gifts of God, will be made to conduce to the happiness of the race. Nor do we deny to physical science the credit that is due to it for continually conferring much good on mankind. Nor would Professor Bain's scientific researches into the human brain be objected to by the most orthodox theologians, if he made matter an instrument or an organ and not the soul itself. It is his speculative ideas, so fraught with misery to mankind, that all good men and true denounce; when he tells the world not only that the brain, which is so closely packed within its osseous covering, contains the motor of thought, which he finds behind the cerebral tissue, but also that he knows how they work and bring forth thought; and that with the brain there is no co-existing life men call soul or spirit. It will not only be fair to Professor Bain to give a short epitome of his brain theory, but it will be the best introduction that can possibly be given to my "*Rhyme with Reason*."

He says:—"There are a set of silvery threads, or cords of various sizes, ramifying from centres to all parts of the body, including both sense-surfaces and muscles. These are the nerves. The centres whence they ramify are constituted by one large continuous lump, principally of the same silvery material, occupying the skull or cranium as a rounded mass, and continuing into the backbone as a long flattened rod, about half an inch across. The mass in the skull is the brain; the rod in the backbone is the spinal cord. The vastly numerous inter-communications above shadowed forth are

effected through the nerves and these central masses. The centres are in by far the largest part made up of the same material as the nerve threads; they contain, however, an additional material. To the eye this second material has a different tint, an ashy grey appearance, as is seen by cutting into any portion of the brain or spinal cord of a man or an animal. This visible difference enables us to trace the distribution and discover the proportions of the two kinds of material. In the brain of man and of the higher animals we see a curious arrangement of the surface into ridges and furrows, called convolutions, running in various directions; and the convoluted surface consists of a thin uniform cake of the grey substance, while the interior mass is principally made up of the white nervous matter. The peculiarities of these two sorts of material have been exhaustively studied, and the significance of both is more or less perfectly ascertained or surmised.

“Under the microscope, the white matter constituting the nerve-threads wholly, and the centres in great part, is seen to consist of fibres or very minute threads, every visible nerve being a bundle of these. The grey matter is a mixture of these fibres with a distinct class of bodies, called cells, vesicles, or corpuscles—small solid bodies—round, pear-shaped, or irregular, with prolongations to connect them with the nerves. These two elements—fibres and cells—together with enclosing membranes, bloodvessels, and cellular tissue, make up the nervous system, both centres and ramifications. The first significant feature of the two nervous elements is the size. Both are exceedingly minute. The large mass of nerve-substance is an aggregation of a very great number of very small fibres and corpuscles. The fibres range in thickness from $\frac{1}{1500}$ to $\frac{1}{12000}$ of an inch, the medium or average being $\frac{1}{8000}$ of an inch. There are two varieties of fibres; the chief, named ‘white’ or ‘tubular’ fibres, appear to consist each (1) of an outer structureless membrane; (2) of an

interior surrounding layer of fatty matter ; (3) of a central core or cylinder, which is not fatty, but albuminous (nitrogenous or protein) in composition. To this central axis is attached the proper function of the fibres ; and at the two extremities of the nerves the axis appears alone, divested of its two envelopes : it does not exceed $\frac{1}{100,000}$ of an inch in thickness.

“The cells or corpuscles are of various shapes—round, oval, pear-shaped, tailed, and star-like or radiated. They consist of pulpy matter, with an eccentric roundish body or nucleus enclosing one or more smaller nuclei, surrounded by coloured granules. They range from $\frac{1}{300}$ to $\frac{1}{3000}$ of an inch in diameter. Although from the smallness in the amount of the grey matter as compared with the white, and from the greater diameter of the corpuscles, the number of these in a cross section is less than the number of fibres ; yet, as they lie in three dimensions, while the nerves lie only in two, their numerical aggregate is much beyond the aggregate of branching nerve-fibres, although not so great as the total number of fibrous connections.

“We may now judge of the immense multiplication of nervous elements in the brain and nerves. Estimates have been made of the number of fibres in individual nerves. The third cerebral nerve (the common motor of the eye) is supposed to have as many as fifteen thousand fibres. In the sensory nerves the fibres are smaller ; and in the large nerve of sight (the optic nerve) the number must be very great, probably not less than one hundred thousand, and perhaps much more. The number of fibres making up the white substance of the brain must be counted by hundreds of millions. In this enormous multiplication of independent nerve-elements we seem to have the suitable provision for the vast number of communications needed in the ordinary actions of human beings.”¹

¹ *Mind and Body*, pp. 27-29.

He then makes a classification of the tissues, nerves, and fibres, in connection with the senses—sight, hearing, smell, taste, touch—showing how the mental character may be affected by the structure of the mental organs; and how a small difference in the pigment of a sense, by giving that sense greater susceptibility, may determine the taste and pursuits, in other words, the whole destiny of man; thus making him quite an irresponsible being. He then touches on the general laws of body and mind—the Feelings, the Law of Relativity, and Diffusion; and affirms that by combining the two laws—of Relativity and Diffusion—we obtain the comprehensive statement of the physical conditions of consciousness. The following sentence he puts in italics, as being the statement above referred to:—

“An increase or variation of the nerve-currents of the brain, sufficiently energetic and diffused to affect the combined system of the out-carrying nerves (both motor nerves and nerves of the viscera).”¹

All learned men, and people of sound reason and inquiring minds, are under an obligation to Professor Bain; he has given us more light to see that we are “fearfully and wonderfully made.” If we are in possession of these hundreds of millions of nerve fibres then we may be likened to an instrument of many strings; but who or what is it that plays upon the strings? Can the fleshy matter, unaided, play upon the strings? Can the wood and framework of the harp play upon their strings? If it is a fact, and we cannot doubt it, that the fibres or strings of the brain can be numbered by hundreds of millions, the discovery brings with it unspeakable delight, for it is far more wonderful that we should possess them, than is the gift of the spirit, the life, the soul, which God has given us to play upon and keep alive this complicated and wonderful instrument. Besides, it opens

¹ *Mind and Body*, p. 57.

out to us the comfortable assurance that all the fibres, with their hundreds of millions of ramifications, illustrate the hidden capabilities of the mind, and that it can only be measured in time and in eternity on a scale of endless progression.

We do not seek this assurance from Professor Bain ; if we did we should not find it. His one-substance theory shuts him for ever out from such aspirations, and lands him in the field of "Pantheism," that speculative system which, by absolutely identifying the subject and object of thought, reduces all existence, mental and material, to phenomenal modifications of one eternal self-existent substance, which is called by the name of God. Of course no one would for a moment suppose that Professor Bain was a Pantheist ; still there is a likeness of the two principles, "Modern Materialism" and "Pantheism." Those who are watching the growth of "Materialism" in Germany can see that many of those who are trying to become the leaders of thought in that country, hold to a doctrine equally as speculative and baneful as Pantheism,—a doctrine which, at the present day, is having the most damning influence on the minds of the rising generation. Cases have come under my own notice where some of the youth of England, children of eminent theologians, going to Germany to finish their education, have had their faith in God utterly destroyed, and have brought back their indelible impressions, bringing sorrow to their parents, which has only been got rid of in the grave.

No intelligent person reading Professor Bain's book on *Mind and Body* could doubt that the author is at one with the German materialist. Let the following quotation speak for itself :—

"Their handling of it turns partly on the accumulated proofs, physiological and other, of the dependence of mind on body, and partly on the more recent doctrines as to matter and force, summed up in the grand generality known as the Correlation, Conservation, or Persistence of Force. This

principle enables them to surpass Priestley in the cogency of their arguments for the essential and inherent activity of matter; all known force being, in fact, embodied in matter. Their favourite text is, 'No matter without force, and no force without matter.' The notion of a quiescent impassive block, called Matter, coming under the influence of forces *ab extra* or superimposed, is, they hold, less tenable now than ever. Are not the motions of the planets maintained by the inherent power of matter? And, besides the two great properties called Inertia and Gravity, every portion of matter has a certain temperature, consisting, it is believed, of intestine motions of the atoms, and able to exert force upon any adjoining matter that happens to be of a lower temperature."¹

And again: "The rapid sketch thus given seems to tell its own tale as to the future. The arguments for the two Substances have now, we believe, entirely lost their validity; they are no longer compatible with ascertained science and clear thinking. The one substance, with two sets of properties, two sides, the physical and the mental—a double-faced unity—would appear to comply with all the exigencies of the case."²

Here we have no uncertain sound from Professor Bain; nothing can be more explicit; he tells us clearly what theory he adopts. He is quite decided in repudiating the doctrine of the co-existence in our nature of the two Substances—a material and an immaterial. Thus we find modern physiologists have not only declared war against, but they have entered in force—have invaded—the fair domain of faith; and, if not confounded by the Spirit of God, and opposed by the wisdom of men, they may do more hurt to the human race than all the physical wars since the world began. "It is by faith we live." It is on the domain of faith that hun-

¹ *Mind and Body*, p. 195.

² *Ibid.*, p. 196.

dreds of millions of the race find life worth living. It is here poor struggling humanity finds the rod and the staff to help him along to a higher life. It is on the fair domain of faith that the Sun of Righteousness shines with a light that pierces the dark valley of death, and enables weary mortals to gaze into immortality. Why, then, this unprovoked war? The kingdom of science extends over the universe of matter, yet it seeks another and a spiritual world to conquer, which lies far away beyond its dominion. With the domain of faith science has nothing to do. "Spiritual things are spiritually discerned," and ought not to be disturbed by those who are of the earth earthy, and whose researches are, at the most, but shadowy and speculative.

I.

COME, Light Divine ; without thine aid
Defeat is sure, nor dare he fight ;
Of foes the bard is not afraid,
He simply calls for light, more light.
To pierce the veil of Nature's laws
Grant light ! he'll smite with scathing rod
The sceptics of the Great First Cause,
The fools who say there is no God.
Grant light ! he'll smite them hip and thigh,
And with the lamp of truth reveal the subtle lie.

II.

In riven rock at dizzy height
The eagle broods upon her nest,¹
Nor feels she aught by day nor night
Save the warm pulsing at her breast.
Beneath her wings her birdlings lie,
She feels the quickening life begun ;
Anon she'll teach her brood to fly,
To bathe their plumage in the sun.
Nor will her loving patience tire
Till her young eaglets' eyes drink the celestial fire.

¹ How beautifully the eagle's egg illustrates the inexplicable mystery of life ! and how absurd it is to say that life is "constituted by the sum-total of functions, which any living thing can perform," when it is perfectly certain that life exists when there is no apparent function. In the egg there is life ; it may easily be destroyed by heat, cold, or neglect. If not called into action it may live for a long time, but if once developed and then neglected, it is no longer capable of redevelop-

III.

And so the bard in anxious mood
Sits musing as in fitful dream ;
And like the eagle on her brood
He feels the pulsing of his theme.
In embryo lay hidden fire,
Long ere his doubtful task began.
Spirit of song ! attune his lyre
In true accord with God and man ;
Draw out the sympathetic strain,
Nor let the humble bard sing his last song in vain.

ment ; the feeble life is extinct and decomposition ensues. In the egg there is no performance of function, nor would there ever be if left to itself. Still the principle of life is there ; submit it only to incubation for a few hours, and the process of life begins, and if allowed to go on will, through a beautiful series of actions, result in the bold young eagle, soaring with powerful wing towards the sun. There was nothing in the process to give life ; it existed anteriorly to functions.

¹ Professor Bain says thoughts consist in organic movement, that a fitful state of mind is the index of a disturbance in the brain ; the stream of consciousness in the brain becomes a series of ebullitions rather than a calm and steady flow. Newnham says, thought does not consist in organic movement. Let any unprejudiced and learned person look at the brain closely packed as it is within its osseous covering, and still more closely invested by its membranes, and let him ask of what kind of movement it can be susceptible ; and then let him consider if the most visionary psychologist ever propounded a wilder hypothesis. What is the organic power which presides behind the cerebral tissue and gives it the movement ? If it be said that this resides in a still finer tissue, not demonstrable to our material senses, we again fearlessly ask, what sets in motion this still finer tissue ? But we accept this reasoning from our opponents as evidence that there is behind the cerebral tissue a moving power—not, however, consisting of organic fibres, but of the spiritual being to which the brain is placed in subjection, and which communicates to the brain all the intellectual and moral power which it possesses, and its life-giving energy to every part of the intellectual, moral, and social character.

IV.

How oft in brilliant thoughts we find
What transcendentalism cost ;
When common sense has left the mind,
The mental balance then is lost.
No one would say, Professor Bain,
Thou art not philosophical ;
And the critic would scarce be sane
To call thy mind illogical.
Still brilliancy often reveals
Flaws in the mind which mediocrity conceals.

V.

The mind and body is a theme
Beyond the power of mortal ken,
The strongest intellects but dream
When they forget that men are men.
Men are not gods, they can't control
The warm blood coursing through their veins ;
And yet they fain would probe the soul
To find where mind in body reigns.
Wouldst thou call men clever fellows
Who to find the wind would fain destroy the bellows ?

VI.

Thou mayest have strong faith in God,
Still, critics in thy book can see
The ground which Aristotle trod¹
Is the most sacred ground to thee.

¹ It is alone a power to the most brilliant intellects of modern times to be associated with the name of Aristotle, the founder of the basis of scientific research. Aristotle is forced into *Rhyme with Reason* as the model from which Professor Bain takes his *Mind and Body*. Aristotle affirmed that it was wiser to dissect the complex phenomena of sense than to resolve them into abstractions. His reliance was on experience

Of the earth earthy, thou art found,
Thy mind's cast in the German school ;
Materialist ! thy logic's sound,
When matter and not mind's the rule.
Thy model is the pagan sage,
And thy materialism is of every age.

VII.

The fine old men of ancient days,
With minds like glittering stars of night,
Poured forth their intellectual rays
As harbingers of stronger light ;
Their home the tub, far from the throng,
Their food the root, their drink the spring ;
Their wisdom they have made a song
For men of every age to sing.
Still as their thoughts through ages roll
No chords will e'er be heard for an immortal soul.¹

and induction ; the one furnishing the particular facts from which the other found a pathway to general facts—or law. He affirms that without sensation thought is impossible. That error did not arise from the senses being false media, but from the interpretation we put on their testimony. Manifold deceptions may thence arise, but each sense speaks truly so far as it speaks at all. From induction is gained a knowledge of the universals. Aristotle had certainly the greatest intellect of ancient times. Still he had not the divine light which reveals how the human brain is governed by a superadded spirit—the soul. Professor Bain's book on *Mind and Body* owes much to Aristotle's psychology.

¹ With the exception of Socrates, who was the first to give to the soul a philosophical basis. His utterances to Aristodemus in the presence of Xenophon will be co-eternal with the everlasting hills. "But, my Aristodemus, seeing that thou thyself art conscious of reason and intelligence, supposest thou there is no intelligence elsewhere. Thou knowest thy body to be a small part of that wide extended earth which thou everywhere beholdest ; the moisture contained in it thou knowest to be a small portion of it ; the mighty seas themselves are but a part,

VIII.

'Tis thine to teach a higher life
 With higher hopes and pure ideas :
To help to quell all spirit strife
 And lift the soul to brighter spheres.
Science is an eternal law,
 It comes from the Eternal Mind ;
'Tis something Deity foresaw
 Would be a boon to all mankind.
'Tis only what men say about it
That makes humble Christians wish to die without it.

while the rest of the elements contribute, out of their abundance, to thy formation. It is the soul then alone, that intellectual part of us which is come to thee by some lucky chance, from I know not where. If so be there is no intelligence elsewhere, then we must be forced to confess that this stupendous universe, and all things contained therein, have not been produced by intelligence, but by chance." "It is with difficulty that I can suppose otherwise," replied Aristodemus, "for I behold none of those gods of yours making and governing all things, whereas I see the artists when at their work here among us." "Neither yet seest thou thy soul, Aristodemus, which, however, most assuredly governs thy body, although it may well seem by thy manner of talking that it is chance and not reason that governs thee." "Be assured," said Aristodemus, "if once I thought the gods take care of man, I should want no other monitor to remind me of my duty." "It is not with respect to the body alone that the gods have shown themselves thus bountiful to man. Their most excellent gift is the soul they have infused into him, which so far surpasses what is elsewhere to be found." "To thee, Aristodemus, hath been joined to a wonderful soul a body no less wonderful, and sayest thou after this that the gods take no thought of thee? Consider, my Aristodemus, that the soul that resides in thy body can govern it at pleasure; why then may not the soul of the universe, which pervades and animates every part of it, govern it in like manner? If thou consult, obey and adore the Deity, then shalt thou, my Aristodemus, understand there is a Being whose eye pierceth through all nature, and whose ear is open to every sound, extended to all places, extending through all time, and whose bounty and care can know no other bounds than those fixed by creation."

IX.

Science is loved by lettered men,
In it eternal truth they find ;
'Tis like a God of power when
'Tis used to elevate mankind.
Strength to the subtle brain 'twill déal,
It calls forth fire from out the clod ;
Before it Potentates must kneel
As to a factor sent from God.
And with its million brilliant eyes
It brings new light to men and new activities.¹

¹ "By science man may control nature, and work marvels that out-marvel magic, but in the very act he concedes that the world is not what it seems. We recognise in all the forces, as they are called (motion, heat, sound, light, and electricity), forms of one acting differently in mode, but always the same. And this activity never really begins afresh, nor comes to an end, but only passes from one form to another, maintaining a constant equivalence through all the changes. All processes in the material world arrange themselves under the shifting forms and permanent balance of force. A unity is grasped here which no variety can obscure nor seeming likeness contradict. Can any thought be more pleasing to the mind than that which thus presents nature as a perennial fountain of activity, ever flowing forth, ever returning inexhaustible ; which recognises in the endless series of her creations fresh forms of the old powers, and in the simplest objects storehouses and reservoirs of the most subtle energies. In the electric telegraph we find a magnet attracts a needle, it seems to us that there is a power of magnetism displayed, but when we look farther we find that this magnetism is but the representative of a galvanic current. Do we then say it is magnetism that attracts ? Again we look back and we find that the galvanic current represents some chemical affinity that is operating in the galvanic wire. But this affinity refers us to something still farther back, and that to something else. Which of these forces produces the effect ? Thinking on this point, even our own bodies will one day no more be bodies such as now ; they may be dust, or other forms of life. The real substance here then is not the body, it is something that has been connected with it, and yet remains itself."

X.

Science is subject to abuse
Only by men whose brains are crank ;
'Tis when they're crazy and abstruse,
And hold first-class eccentric rank,
They've brilliant thoughts and stubborn wills,
They'll not admit they ever fail ;
They'll show you plans to make two hills
Without the slightest dip or vale ;
They awe the world with their knowledge,
And for their wondrous doctrine men will found a college.

XI.

What follows, ah ! what follows then,
These scientific men—'tis odd
Their craze should spread to other men—
Who now would e'en instruct their God ;
God is no Person One in Three,
Nor Three in One ; He is a force,
Some Will or Thought that rules the sea
And guides the planets in their course.
He is " Unscience," there's no doubt,
Or Science would ere this have surely found Him out.¹

¹ The development of thoughts, the enlargement of the range of scientific and critical inquiries, and a keen desire to find the way of God in the mysteries of His government of the world, and the future history of mankind, are among the most exalting gifts bestowed upon man; but it is quite another thing for the scientist to use his modicum of brain in trying first to analyse and then to ignore the Being of God. There can be no stronger proof of the infinite wisdom of the Deity than the inability of scientists to elaborate His Being. For although God is knowable and lovable in providence and man's intuitions, still personally He is unknowable, unsearchable, and past finding out.

XII.

Judge Festus said to one of old,
 "Learning too much hath made thee mad."
 If scientific men were told
 That their wild speculations had
 Invaded the fair field of faith
 And wasted the domain of mind,
 Simply to find eternal death
 For their own souls and all mankind,
 At saints they'd laugh, at God they'd rail,¹
 And cry "Ha, ha! Ha, ha! our science must prevail."

XIII.

Nor need the bard, Professor Bain,
 Strain rhetoric to prove his case,
 That brilliant minds are oft insane.
 In the astronomer Laplace,²

¹ "Now that moral injunctions are losing the authority given by their supposed sacred origin, the secularization of morals is becoming imperative. Few things can happen more disastrous than the decay and death of a regulative system no longer fit, before another and a fitter regulative system grows up to replace it. As the change which promises or threatens to bring about this state, desired or dreaded, is rapidly progressing, those who believe that the vacuum can be filled, and that it must be filled, are bound to do something in pursuance of their belief." The preceding is from the *Data of Ethics*, by Herbert Spencer. This scientific man contemplates the pleasure and pain of the immediate agent as his criterion of right and wrong. In one passage, for instance (p. 259), he denies the idea of rightness to God's action, on the ground that analysis carries us back to pleasure and pain as the elements out of which the conception of right and wrong are framed. "But if pleasure and pain viewed in others made actions right and wrong to us, that could be as well imagined in God as in us, even though in his case the same genesis could not be ascribed to the idea." Now this man, as a writer in the *Church Quarterly Review* observes, has a mind lavishly endowed both with power and knowledge and of a commanding influence in the world of thought.

² The great mathematician Laplace, setting himself boldly and defiantly against the belief that there is method and design in the works

A man above his own compeers—
Next to our Newton in research
And knowledge of the heavenly spheres,
Or revolutions of the earth—
Was found an intellect as fell
As Lucifer's, when cast from heaven to hell.

XIV.

Who but an atheist would rise
In blasphemy to such a height?
This man e'en God dare criticise
In creating the orbs of night.
He thought God's mind was very dull
To place the moon in the wrong sphere,
To make the moon's face always full;
He gave to God a new idea—
The moon was far too near the earth
To be, to this our rolling planet, of much worth.

XV.

My science says, "Had the moon run
Her course with earth away in space,
Facing but further from the sun,
To earth she'd always show her face;
No more eclipse, nor leaden night,
To earth 'twould be a precious boon;
Nor would there be a waste of light,
Nor space have had a fickle moon."
Such were Laplace's grand ideas.
'Twas a mistake, he thought, he had not made the spheres.

of the Creator, sneers at those partisans of Final Cause who have imagined that the moon was given to the earth to afford it light during the night. "This cannot be so," he remarks, "for we are often deprived at the same time of the light of the sun and moon. And he proceeds to show how the moon might have been placed so as to be always "full," or in other words opposite the sun, so that the first day of the

XVI.

This scientific man was blind,
 Nor blind alone—he was profane;
 And in thy book upon the mind
 There's blindness too, Professor Bain.
 Profane thou art not, nor couldst be,
 Thou seest with a purer eye;
 Wouldst that thine eye of faith could see
 Mind's incorporeality!

The body is but of the clod,
 The mind's a never-dying life, and comes from God.

moon's existence might have continued for ever. Laplace's device, however, involves a moon of different size and distance. He shows how a moon about four times as far off as our moon really is would revolve around the earth in the same time as the sun seems to do, and would thus present a full aspect, if originally placed opposite the sun. But it is important to notice how seriously all the service rendered by the moon to ourselves would have been affected if the moon's motions had been those devised so ingeniously by Laplace. To be always opposite the sun the moon must circle round the earth in the same time as the sun, or once a year. Thus the moon would no longer be a subordinate time-measurer. This would be a decided loss.

"Again, the sun and moon join in controlling the tides in such a way that when the moon is opposite the sun, or the same side as the sun, we have a tide resulting from the combined action of the sun and moon. To alter the arrangement would affect all the tides and tide-waves which are so important to the service of man.

"If Laplace's arrangement prevailed we should have the moon always co-operating with the sun, for they work together equally, whether they be on the same or on opposite sides of the earth. Thus we should have flood-tides, or rather we should know of no such differences as now distinguish flood-tides from neap-tides. This would be a second serious loss."¹

Space will not allow a longer quotation to show the multiplied losses, *ad infinitum*, that the earth would have sustained had Laplace placed the moon in the heavens. But the above will be sufficient to show the length men with brilliant intellects will go with their scientific speculations.

¹ Proctor, *Queen of the Night*.

XVII.

Oh, cut thou deep in brain and cell—
Muscles and fibres too well probe;¹
Spare not the scalpel, use it well,
Perchance a soul thou wilt disrobe.
Go seek the spirit of the deep,
Fly up and seek one in the moon.
Perchance a soul thou'lt find asleep—
Thou'lt surely find one there as soon
As thou wouldst find the seat of life
By subtle metaphysics or the surgeon's knife.

XVIII.

Though men appraise the stars by weight,
And bind them round with mystic bands;
Though men call order only fate,
Say things were all made without hands;
Still tides are governed by the moon
And earth keeps her true circuit round;
The sun's meridian is still noon
And oceans are kept within bound;
Cause and effect are ruled by law,
Nor will men find in the eternal code a flaw.

¹ Bacon's apothegm cannot in any way be applied to Professor Bain, viz., "That a little philosophy inclineth men's minds to Atheism, but a deep philosophy bringeth men's minds to religion." His philosophy is unfathomably deep, but it is very doubtful if it will ever bring men's minds to that spirituality which lifts men's souls above all material things. His scientific research into brain-cells and fibres is not only of the highest interest, but it extends far into the marvelous; and if he had been satisfied in showing more fully "that we are fearfully and wonderfully made,"—if he had, and not invaded the domain of faith and tried to lay waste the fair fields of our religion, no scientific man of the age would be more entitled to the gratitude of his fellow-men.

XIX.

The flaw is in the brilliant mind ;
Men tread where angels never trod,
To simple facts their reason's blind,
To them their intellect is God.
Ever their science they display ;
They count each sand grain on the shore,
And know the cycles to a day
When sun and earth will be no more.¹

Ask them to tell by simple rules
Where mind and body join, alas, the men are fools !

XX.

The child did not beget the sire ;
Can men reverse Creation's law ?
Gather figs from prickly briar
Or change the earth's course evermore ?
Can they in air suspend the ocean
And fledge sea-whales and make them fly
Like swallows, when, in graceful motion
They flit in sport from earth to sky ?

First recreate and then control
Ere thou put out the light of an immortal soul.

¹ Sober reason can scarcely realise the length of absurdity scientific men will allow their speculations to run. Mr Thomas MacKeith, F.R.A.S., writing to a scientific paper, says :—" I am free to say that what the Bishop of Manchester quotes from Mr Proctor about a comet falling into the sun and causing such an accession of heat that it is possible that the earth and all that is therein will be burnt up, is a pure speculation, without foundation in fact. If I had time I could demonstrate the impossibility of such a conflagration. It is not on record as a fact that any comet has been absorbed by the sun, yet I don't doubt the possibility of such an event. Newton expected that a large comet which he observed in 1680 would fall into the sun, possibly after two or three revolutions ; but there is no record of that comet being seen since. Newton had also a notion that the effect of

XXI.

Thoughts sublime to the ridiculous¹
 Are measured by a little span ;
 To make our God only nebulous
 Seems the sublimest work of man ;
 Poor little man, who breathes to-day
 And who to-morrow is a clod,
 With science makes a vain display
 To test the being of his God ;
 To test himself he has no power ;
 Nor can he tell what first produced a little flower.

XXII.

Science declares that molecules
 Of matter form the human soul ;
 The saint may doubt but science rules
 That molecules point to the pole.
 And molecules are in a tree,
 A horse, a mouse, or small gnat's wing,
 They're in an elephant or flea—
 The largest or the smallest thing ;
 Polarity attracts the whole :
 But what has this to do with an immortal soul ?

a comet falling into the sun would be a terrestrial conflagration. It is thought, from the analysis of Laplace, that Lexell's comet, which disappeared after two or three revolutions, was caught by the attraction of Jupiter and his system of moons and appropriated among them, but no change, so far as the telescope reveals it, has taken place in either Jupiter or his moons. The density of comets is incalculably small, and no one knows of what they actually consist. They are such flimsy things that we need not fear for any conflagration they may cause. Surely the sun can subsist without the need of devouring comets ; or if he cannot, he takes a long time between his meals."

¹ Mr Proctor (*Heavens Expanded*) has denied that he ever said that if a comet flew into the sun there would be an universal conflagration ; still he distinctly gives us the uncomfortable assurance that the sun

XXIII.

Professor Bain we'll con thy book
And one by one turn o'er the leaves ;
True criticism thou wilt brook,
Condemnatory or to please.
We'll give thy memory our first care ;
Truth royally we'll try to find,
Our criticism shall be fair
Both on the body and the mind ;
And then in summing up the whole
We'll criticise thy views on the immortal soul.

XXIV.

Thy theory upon mind's decay
Is baseless as a noonday dream,
For in thy book thou'rt made to say
The memory scarcely has a gleam

shows signs of great disturbance. "When the star called Blaze came to be examined by the spectroscope it was found that a great portion of its light came from glowing hydrogen, making a tremendous conflagration in that distant star. It was estimated that the brightness of that star increased fully eight hundredfold while this conflagration was in process." If a change such as this took place in our own time—and who shall say that such a change is impossible?—the prophecy of St. Peter would be fulfilled : "The day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night ; in the which the heavens and the earth shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat ; the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burnt up." And then he remarks, "We know now that the sun is undergoing a great process which, though regular in its effects, regarded as a whole, is locally irregular. Sometimes there are outbursts in the sun which suggest very significantly the possibility of a much more terrible, because more general, catastrophe." Here again we have presented to us scientific opinion which is fearfully speculative ; and if we did not know the man as highly scientific, we should certainly think that his imagination had completely run away with him. He is, however, a believer in revelation, and his utterances will always tend to elevate, and not hurt, the human race.

To light up the sad face at death ;
 Thou'd make it like the flickering wick
 Extinguished by the faintest breath,
 Or like the run-down clock's last tick
 That vibrates round the dead man's room :
 Then all is hushed, body and mind fill one sad tomb.¹

XXV.

Thy theory is opposed to fact ;—
 'Tis known the memory of men
 But sleepeth and ceases not to act
 At death or threescore years and ten.²

¹ "Death is not the termination of existence, it is but the suspension of the present order of arrangement, and notwithstanding all that materialism may allege to the contrary, it is most unphilosophical to look upon separation as the gate of annihilation ; for even taking up the inferior position of the fate of the material body, the general law of Nature is, that when the particles of matter which now enter into a certain arrangement constituting form shall be dissociated, they will undergo a change which prepares them for entering into new forms and combinations. What that change may be it is not for us to say, but there is no philosophical reason against the ultimate re-arrangement of these particles in a combination similar to that which has previously existed ; consequently death forms no argument for the destructibility of the mind."—(*Newnham.*) The moral, religious accountability of a superadded spirit is a property not attached to matter as springing from a certain order of the nervous system, it is an independent being over which death has no power, except that of suspending its manifestations ; the changed existence is not more wonderful than the chrysalis state of the butterfly ; the caterpillar did not die, the life passed on to the more beautiful moth, and entered into new forms and more exquisite combinations.

² Of course I am speaking here of that thinking, presiding, governing spirit, not of what you call the material mind. Every scientific man knows that as age advances and maturity is established the brain has reached the maximum of its power ; and when the full tide of mental power has reached its height the light of reason is in the zenith of its strength. And we have evidence constantly before our eyes that

'Twas on a clear warm summer's night,
When earth and sea seemed hushed in joy,
And twinkling stars shed their soft light,
Peace silvered reigned without alloy ;
That the bard's boat left the seashore,
And drifting far away most wondrous things he saw.

XXVI.

"How calm and beautiful is night!"
So sang the bard ; there seemed a spell
Which wrapped with a soft silvery light
The world in sleep, and then there fell
On the deep sea a murmured hush ;
The zephyr sighed, "Hush ! peace ! be still !"
Against the boat the rippled gush
Sang softer than the rippling rill.
The bard, while musing, lost an oar,
The boat capsized, he knew, and then he knew no more.

XXVII.

His body dead, his mind alive
Expanded to an active flame,
The senses all elastic, lithe
A concentrated flame became.
Strange things beyond all human ken
Burst forth at once to spirit view,

this period passeth away by slow and imperceptible degrees ; and when the brain has lost its elasticity and power, then old age creeps upon the individual more and more, taking from him power and energy, till by degrees the manifestations of the mind of man are darkened by the night, the pitiable night of second childhood. But this is simply the decay of the instrument, the strings of which are breaking day by day, until at length the incorporeal, the spirit, has not a string left to play upon. The cerebral action has given way, and the soul, unable to articulate or give forth sound, strong in its indestructibility, quietly prepares to leave a tenement which is becoming untenable and of no use.

The past and present things and men
All vivid, palpable, and true,
Separate, distinct, then in the whole
Passed quickly in review before his wondering soul.

XXVIII.

Down 'neath the quiet sea the bard
Found his clear mind from body free :
His intellect was bodyguard
As it lay dead beneath the sea.
His vision-power was extreme,
He saw with microscopic eye ;
Nor was it possible to dream
Of such strong power of memory.
Thoughts came on thoughts, nor did they clash,
They came distinct and vivid as the lightning's flash.

XXIX.

He saw a boy defiant wild
Dash near the cliff, then tumble o'er ;
The mother cried, " Oh, save my child,
And I will bless you evermore !"
The frantic mother was alone,
The boy had torn away his hand,
Then rolling like a rolling stone
He fell upon the yielding sand.
God saved the child : the mother's hair
Fell o'er the prostrate boy as she knelt down in prayer.

XXX.

Swift as the thought of God he saw
The little blue-eyed child's career ;
He saw each change in life, and more
He watched his training year by year.
He saw the boy first enter school,
He marked with pain the boy's first lie.

Alas ! when lies become the rule,
At death they sting the memory.
And oft the telling of a lie
Turns the whole course for e'er of human destiny.

XXXI.

Full four long decades 'neath the sea
Passed as a moment with the bard,
And o'er the blue-eyed Harry Lea
His mind kept constant watch and ward.
He saw the boy's manhood begin,
And all his follies too he saw ;
He saw him midst the battle's din
On India's plain in Sepoy war ;
And each dishonourable act
Now flashed upon his mind and marked the damning fact.

XXXII.

More ghastly than the men he slew
Was innocence which he had slain ;
In peace he'd friends, and not a few
To whose pure hearts he'd given pain.
He saw with horror and dismay
What to his friends had long been known,
He'd been for years a little gay ;
Too long he had his wild oats sown,
The crop he gathered now at last ;
And at his guilty mind his evil deeds were cast.

XXXIII.

His childhood's home now came to view,
The sweetest place of memory, where¹

¹ The property of thought and memory stretches out into the infinite future as well as the short-lived past, and comprehends not only all that is known of the material, but, with these things, its

The woodbine and the myrtle grew
Around the porch to scent the air.
He saw the garden and the tree—
The fine old tree with rustic seat—
Where oft upon his mother's knee
The angel's hymn he would repeat.
He saw approving mother's nod
As he with artless tongue lisped his first prayer to God.

XXXIV.

He saw his father's light-blue eyes,
So full of love, gaze in his own;
The look revived sweet memories,
The sweetest he had ever known.
Whilst a soft voice said, "Harry Lea,
Thy sins though many are forgiven,
Why dost thou linger 'neath the sea?
Come, Harry, home with me to heaven.
Come, leave thy body, come with me,
In heaven thy mother calls for Harry Lea."

XXXV.

"Father! I'll come," the spirit said,
When lo! upon the spirit fell
A sense of something more than dread,
Which forced the mind into its shell.

moral relation to the Creator. The spirit of man is its own free agent in this great spiritual pageant; and it is inconceivable what organic matter has to do with thought, in advance and retrogression and laterally, at the same instant of time. If thoughts consist of organic movements, it follows that there must be a moving power, or something to originate these movements, whatever it may be; and continue their impulsive power until arrested by some centripetal force, which would again repel the movement back to that situation in which they first received their centrifugal impetus.

The sea had given up its dead,
The bard was on a litter borne,
And laid once more upon his bed,
Whilst every limb with pain was torn.
Two minutes 'neath the sea revealed
All the great secrets of a life he thought concealed.¹

XXXVI.

If facts with theories must contend—
And facts than theories stronger are—
Can Science simple facts amend,
And theories victors make in war.
'Tis said the memory must fade
With fibres, muscles, and the breath ;
No one thy theories could evade
Save those who have been nigh to death.
Alas ! thy theories would fall down,
If thou, experimentally, wouldst try to drown.

XXXVII.

Thy theory, too, upon brain weight,
Though weighed by scientific rule,
Is fully open to debate
In every scientific school,

¹ Now in the case of a drowning man, whose thoughts and memory are quickened into incalculable activity, the great moving power must be an independent and an immaterial life, the very breath that God hath breathed into the corporeal body of man. Nothing but this superior governing principle could quicken thought and memory to a degree far beyond the calculations of the astronomer upon the heavenly bodies. "The astronomer's calculations may be accurate, but who can calculate the movement of thought with all its thousand associations, every one of which may break the original train and give new shape, figure, and direction to its former bias? The mathematician may acquaint himself with the laws of motion in direct and curved and parabolic lines ; but is there any known law which accelerates or retards the agency of thought, according to the squares of its distance

The largest cranium full of brain
 Does not index the wisest mind ;
 Were facts thy test, Professor Bain,
 Thy facts would soon exceptions find.
 Facts will to theories justice grant,
 Thy theories we will try by elephant and ant.

XXXVIII.

"Go to the ant, learn to be wise,"
 Is an old proverb known to all ;
 In the small ant great wisdom lies,
 With God there's nothing great or small.
 We'll call the elephant to the bar,
 'Tis said he has ten pounds of brain,
 While the ant's brain is less by far
 Than the one-millionth of a grain.¹
 The Naturalist our judge shall be,
 And the brain-weight of wisdom in them both we'll see.

from the original propelling cause, which will enable us to calculate even an approximation to the amount of time required by such movement?"—*Newnham*.

¹ No one, I presume, doubts that the large size of the brain of man, in comparison with that of the gorilla or ourang-outang, is closely connected with his higher mental power. We meet with closely analogous facts in insects. The cerebral ganglia are of extraordinary dimensions in ants ; these ganglia in all the hymenoptera being many times larger than in the less intelligent orders, such as beetles. On the other hand, no one supposes that the intellects of any two animals or men can be accurately gauged and compared by the cubic contents of their skulls. It is certain that there may be extraordinary mental activity with an extremely small absolute mass of nervous matter ; thus the diversified instincts, mental powers, and affections of the ants are well known, yet their cerebral ganglia are not so large as the quarter of a pin's head. Under this latter point of view the brain of an ant is one of the most marvellous atoms of matter in the world, perhaps more marvellous than the brain of man.

XXXIX.

Awake, asleep, he could not tell,
So wrapped the bard was in his theme,
A happy influence o'er him fell,
If dreamt 'twas a delicious dream ;
First sparks commingled into shape,
Like the bright gleams so often seen
On a calm night in vessels wake,
As Noctiluca trails her sheen ;
When lo ! the bard saw by his side
An angel form which said, "Behold thy spirit guide !"

XL.

Though incorporeal to touch
The spirit's form the bard could trace ;
He found the loveliness was such
As never seen in mortal face :
The nut-brown hair fell fold on fold,
And draped a form with grace combined,
Like clustered pearl in frame of gold,
Lit up with a celestial mind ;
A spirit pure, without alloy,
With every sense of being filled with perfect joy.¹

XLI.

"Come, bard, away," the spirit spoke ;
"Come, bard, we'll cleave the upper air ;
Thy mind from body I'll unyoke,
And for thy casket take no care.

¹ This is the perfection of life, a being released from corruptible matter, and becoming as pure and as holy as the mind of God. Nor can the relative "great and small" add to or take from perfect joy. The soul of the child released from matter receives complete fulness, and the soul of the Apostle Paul can only be filled with perfect joy ; to the capacities of either nothing can be added, for all are full, and these capacities must grow and increase for ever and for ever, and run parallel with the existence of God.

I'm sent to be at thy command ;
I'll touch thy lips, thine eyes, thine ears ;¹
And I will make thee understand
Language and life of all the spheres.
Come, bard, with me ; come, bard, away,
We'll be among the ants before the dawn of day."

XLII.

Scales as of flesh fell from mine eyes,
New life ope'd out, aye, everywhere ;
On earth, in sea, in air, and skies,
Things once unseen were now made clear.
No need of microscopic lens,
From tiniest monad to an orb,
All life in ocean, woods, and fens
My spirit-eyes seemed to absorb ;
And on mine incorporeal ears
Fell the sweet music of the harmonious spheres.

XLIII.

While floating on the lucid air,
Propelled alone by our free will,
My guide said, " Bard, we'll soon be there,
The sun is peeping o'er the hill."

¹ Mental philosophers of sixty years ago affirmed that there were three kinds of mind—God, angels, and the human soul. "For," said they, "a thinking being must be either a finite or an infinite ; if infinite, it is God ; if finite, it is either joined to a human body or not ; if the latter, it is an angel ; if the former, a soul." The human mind they defined as a thinking, rational substance ; by thinking, it is distinguished from body, and by reasoning from God and the angels, who are supposed to see and know things intuitively, without the help of deduction and discourse. This good old doctrine has given comfort to millions while groping after purer mental light, and to many millions who, while seeking, found a fuller and diviner light. Where would be the comfort if the search for light, and divine light, lead no further than man's brain, a fleshy matter ?

India lay stretched beneath our feet,
We flew a sunlit hill to gain ;
We longed the little folks to greet
In the chief town in their domain.
The little people were astir—
“We'll soon see,” said my guide, “momentous things occur.”

XLIV.

The city of the Lilipute
Surpassed by far all human ken ;
With brains so small, yet how acute
Were the brave, busy, little men !
With his good spirit-guide, the bard,
Stood by the queen's old palace gate,
The sentries were on watch and ward,
And all the grandees were in state ;
A crisis every ant foresaw ;
The queen had called in haste her counsellors of war.

XLV.

Observing all, yet not observed,
We entered the war council-hall,
And hearing without being heard
We feared none, nor could we appal.

After writing the poem on the ways and manners of the ants, it struck me the general reader might imagine the whole composition fabulous, and not wishing to make such an impression, I shall back my facts with authority from the writings of the greatest known entomologists and natural historians, by which it will be seen that I have not gone beyond a poet's license. Those who have spent part of their lives in studying the marvellous little people affirm that they have a language by which they communicate their ideas to each other; I have simply in my “dream, which is not a dream,” by giving expression to their actions, translated their language into English for the benefit of my readers, so that the voice of the ant might be heard while conducting their civil government and their wars. The object of the poem is to show to the materialist the wonderful brain power of the ant, and to direct their

We glided into every place,
No room is sacred to a sprite ;
We marked each soldier's sturdy face
And found them eager for the fight ;
A braver race was never seen,
Nor subjects more devoted to their royal queen.

XLVI.

Millions of little folks we saw
Each doing his allotted work ;
Civilians and the men of war
Did work enough to shame a Turk.
Each chamber, ten feet high and more,
Resounded with the workmen's din,
Here, carpenters put up a door,
There, slaves were bringing larvæ in ;
The whole community was seen
Devotedly at work for country, home, and queen.

XLVII.

Thousands of helots, willing slaves,
Had each a little nymph to mind ;
And whosoe'er commanded braves
Would look with scorn upon mankind.

attention to a problem which they will find difficult to solve. "Volition" is the common property of "Instinct" and "Reason." The first has been defined as the "germ" or rudimental development of the latter. The term may be objected to, still, without an accurate idea of the properties of reason, which, as yet, neither the materialist nor the mental philosopher has fully mastered, it is impossible to show where instinct ceases and reason begins. Well might a humorous writer say that "philosophers will in vain torment themselves to define instinct until they can spend some time in the head of an animal without being the animal." It is not for man to understand instinct when it approaches to the very borders of reason. This instinct is defined by Lardner in its operations as tending to nothing more than the economy of the present life. However true this may be, it is not my intention here to

None needed their commander's eye
To keep them honest to their trust,
So faithful were they, they would die
Sooner than eat an idle crust ;
None dared their courage to impeach,
For each would meet the foe or storm the deadly breach.

XLVIII.

We found the ants a pastoral race,
Their dairies were their special care ;
Their milch cows¹ they had oft to trace
In pastures green midst flowers rare.
Byres of earth they had to build
To keep their cows from wet and cold ;
They did not even have them killed,
Nor did they have them bought nor sold ;
Their cows had hides as soft as silk,
And with true love they loved them ; and they drank their
milk.

XLIX.

'Twas mid-day when we heard the feet
Of ant-officials swiftly fall ;
We knew their council had to meet
At noon in their great council-hall.

run into the speculative, or attempt to solve the unsolvable, but simply to show that in the little ant, whose brain is so small that it can scarcely be weighed, there is not only wisdom but unaccountable "volition" and marvellous activity.

¹ The slave-making ants are not solely occupied with the capture of helots, they frequently spread over plants to carry off the aphides. These are their cattle, their milch-cows, their goats. The ants are a pastoral race ; we often find them scattered over the surface of plants seeking their cows. The aphides carry their two little teats at the extremity of their back. At other times, accompanied by their slaves, the ants carry off aphides and imprison them in their dwellings, in

We heard their honour was at stake,
And nought in life they held more dear ;
Their loyal oath they would not break,
Nor would they hold their lives in fear.
Their motto was the commonweal,
And with their heart's best blood that motto would they seal.

L.

We followed on into the hall,
And every sturdy warrior there
Appeared to answer to the call
Put from the presidential chair.
Nothing was hurried, all was calm
(Not like our House of Commons, when
The Speaker seems to lose the charm
To make some members gentlemen ;
"Go to the ant, learn to be wise,"¹
Would not be heard amidst the members' noisy cries).

order to milk them at leisure, and there they are nourished exactly like stalled animals. "An ant's nest," says Huber, "is more or less rich according to the number of aphides it possesses." Huber discovered that the ants are so greedy after the sweet milk that to procure it more conveniently they make covered ways which lead from their nests to the plants inhabited by these miniature cows. Sometimes they carry their foresight even to a more incredible extent. In order to reap a richer harvest from the aphides, they leave them on the plants they habitually feed upon, and with finely tempered earth build there little stables, in which they confine them. Huber, the great naturalist, and many others equally eminent, the first discovering, the others witnessing the surprising constructions. The fact therefore is beyond doubt.

¹ "Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise," was the recommendation of an inspired writer, to him who negligently and slothfully makes no use of those powers given to him by his Creator; but the same recommendation might be given with equal force to the sceptic, the infidel, and the materialist, or even to the man of scientific research—to him who doubts and to him who disbelieves that Divinity has produced such marvellous little creatures for our

LI.

Many ant-soldiers could be seen
Well marked with honourable scars ;
They'd bled for country and for queen
Through many sanguinary wars.
The President arose to speak—
Quite calm and dignified was he—
He said, "Friends, I your counsel seek,
Let our debate be full and free ;
The negroes of the sunny plain
Have stolen twelve milch cows, their keepers they have slain.

LII.

He said no more, he left the case ;
In fact, no more could well be said :
Wrong had been done, he named the place :
The cows were gone, the keepers dead,
He would not trespass on their time.
On facts so clear his words were few,
He left long speeches to mankind.
His own brave warriors he well knew
Cared not for words ; and he was right,
No logic of the ants could prove that black was white.

instructors. Let the intelligent man, like Mr. Huber, make a study of these little people, and he will find that they are in possession of all the qualities which give strength, unity, and greatness to a nation.

Sir John Lubbock is a great observer of ants, and the familiar friend also of these wonderful little creatures. He possesses one community which has lived with him ever since 1874, and he has invented a method of keeping in pleasant captivity thirty or forty ant-cities peopled by British and foreign species, so as to watch all their proceedings through the plates of glass which form the sides of their artificial nests. By putting a small touch of colour on the backs of his ants, he is able to distinguish them individually, and the result of his long and close study is that he claims for them a rank next to man in the scale of intelligence. Certainly we are far less startled at this after learning

LIII.

Then spoke a venerable chief :

“ I think your excellency said

The cows are gone, but where's the thief ?

We can't bring back to life the dead.”

Now hear the oath of all the braves :

We swear by our good queen and wives

To take a million negro slaves,

And twice as many negroes' lives.

The negroes are a constant pest,

Their city we will sack, nor spare a single nest.

LIV.

As general, I knew this case

Was foregone, so I sent out spies,

And they report the negro race

This night will hold festivities.

We've time to mobilize our men

Two hours before the sun goes down ;

And we will telegraph you when

Our troops are on the battle ground.

To our good ambulance we'll trust,

For many a friend this night will bite the dust.

in his charming pages the amazing faculties of ants, their social order, their large communities, and elaborate habitations ; the way they make roads, tame domestic creatures, train up slaves, go to war, conduct foraging parties, and exercise the gifts of memory, attachment, patriotism, and what must be called intellect. Ants arrange their larvæ in groups according to size, so that Sir John compares them to a school divided into classes. The pupæ cannot emerge as perfect insects without assistance, and the older ants unfold their legs for them, and smooth out their wings “ with truly feminine tenderness and delicacy.” They are terrible fighters, each species having its own mode of attack, in which they act together and perform military manœuvres. Three or four of the little insects will seize the legs of a large *pratensis*, while a fifth jumps on the enemy and cuts its head off. It is well known that

LV.

The neuters must prepare the lint
And fix two thousand trestle beds ;
For broken limbs they'll make the splint,
And make the salve for broken heads.
We'll leave no friend or foe to die
Of wounds or thirst upon the plain ;
We'll bring them here and make them lie,
Whilst our old slaves will soothe their pain.

The nymphs will have a pretty cell,
For they'll be bound with cords of love with us to dwell.

ants keep aphides as cows and milk them, and they also entertain strange pets in their nest, such as blind beetles, the white wood-louse, and other insects which they even clean, caress, and feed. Their industry is devouring. Sir John watched an ant working at carrying larvæ from six in the morning until nearly ten at night, during which time she bore into safety no fewer than one hundred and eighty-seven. They engage in what seem like gymnastic exercises, observe strategic rules in building, and divide labour, some nursing or building while others come forth for food. But the most curious instance of their organisation is in the communities which make and keep slaves. The *sanguinea* sends forth expeditions for pupæ, which are afterwards reared in the nests as servants, and do nearly all the domestic work. The members of a Swiss species depend entirely upon slaves, and can neither build nor nurse, nor even feed themselves without their black companions. Sir John used to give his specimens a slave for an hour or two a day, to clean and feed them, and without this help they always perished.

Sir John now comes to the obvious question, Whether ants are moral and accountable beings ? Their cities he compares in population with London or Pekin ; and in these organised communities, all labouring in the utmost harmony, every ant knows its fellow-citizen. A stranger, however much resembling in shape and colour the inhabitants of a nest, was instantly expelled or killed. Sir John confined some ants belonging to one of his nests in a small bottle tied up with muslin, and in another bottle, similarly enclosed, some ants of the same species but from another nest. The acquaintances attracted no attention, though they could be seen and touched ; the strangers were persistently besieged until they were got at and killed. From this and many other

LVI.

When the old chief resumed his seat
Applause ran through the council hall ;
Soon face to face fierce foes will meet
(Thus empires rise and empires fall).
Twelve little cows and twelve small men
Will set two empires all ablaze ;
When one's destroyed, the other then
Will enter on another phase
Of great dominion and of rule.
So moves the world, and oft the wisest man's a fool.

experiments Sir John finds himself obliged to conclude that hatred is a stronger passion than affection with ants. Even in a state of intoxication they are always recognised by their friends, though there may be five hundred thousand in the republic. Never has a quarrel been witnessed between sister ants; for it must be remembered that all the workers in a city are females, and the strange thing is that fellow-citizens actually know one another after long absences.

In one of Sir John's experiments, after a separation of a year and nine months, ants received friends with welcome and killed the strangers accompanying them. How is this recognition effected? Some have thought the ants possess a sign or password; others, that a peculiar local odour accompanied friendly individuals, and was noted. But, then, even pupæ hatched out of the nest and reintroduced into it are treated as friends. Nothing can be at once graver or more charming than the way in which Sir John proceeds to prove that there is no password in the matter. He himself concludes that every ant is individually acquainted with every other ant belonging to the same community by some special mode of intercourse. How, then, do they communicate? Into this absorbing question the learned baronet goes deeply, judging that scent has much to do with it. More than one exquisitely ingenious experiment, however, seems further to indicate the possession by ants of something approaching language, either by signs or elaborate touches. Sir John's own deduction is that the mental power of ants differs from that of man not so much in kind as in degree. The world, however, must be differently seen by them, since some varieties possess a thousand facets to their eye, and all of them dislike to have the light shining into their nests. It is, however, here proved that they knew green and yellow from other colours, and

LVII.

War was declared, the council rose,
Nor were ants smitten with alarm,
They knew they had to meet their foes,
'Twas time they all prepared to arm.
The aides-de-camp moved to and fro,
Scouts were immediately sent out ;
The war-council appeared to know
Quite well what they were all about :
Their tactics were a quick surprise,
They'd steal a march, and then fall on their enemies.

avoided violet ; and it also appeared that ants are very sensitive to the ultra-violet rays which our eyes do not even perceive. Can they hear, and perhaps even speak ? Professor Tyndall tried this for Sir John with the sensitive flame, and Professor Bell with a microphone ; but, though the footsteps of the ants could be distinctly heard, no formican chatter reached the ear. Sir John believes, nevertheless, that they do hear and produce sounds far above the range of human nerves or instruments, while there can be no doubt that they enjoy the keenest sense of smell. How marvellous, then, are these tiny creatures, whose brain is not the size of a pin's head, and who, nevertheless, can thus remember, concert, combine, and develop so many virtues and faculties ! How are we to deny reason to creatures which can do what Leuckart observed ? Round a tree which was frequented by ants he spread a band soaked in tobacco water. The ants above the band after a while let themselves drop to the ground, but the ascending ants were long baffled. At length he saw them coming back, each with a pellet of earth in its mouth, and thus they constructed a road for themselves over which they streamed up the tree. Or again, what difference, except in scale, is there between the campaigns of Napoleon and the expeditions of the rufescent ants, which march immense distances, storm an enemy's ant hill, and return with captives and with treasure ? The invasion of the island of Grenada by ants of the *sacchivora* species, about a hundred years ago, was quite Homeric in its magnitude. "They descended from the hills," we are told, "like torrents, and the plantations, as well as every path and road for miles were filled by them. Rats, mice, and reptiles of every kind became an easy prey to them ; and even the birds, which they attacked whenever they alighted on the ground in search of food, were so harassed as to be at length

LVIII.

The skirmishers marched out in force
Commanded by an ant of rank ;
The general, not having horse,
Massed heavy columns on each flank.¹
The centre marched in double quick,
Whilst a large army of reserve
Marched on in squares so densely thick
No force of ants could make them swerve.
“Ye gods ! grant victory to the right !”
Was signalled to the troops ere they began the fight.

unable to resist them. Streams of water opposed only a temporary obstacle to their progress ; the foremost rushing blindly on certain death, and fresh armies instantly following till a bank was formed of the carcasses of those that were drowned sufficient to dam up the waters, and allow the main body to pass over in safety. Even fire was tried without effect. When it was lighted to arrest their route they rushed into the blaze in such myriads as to extinguish it.” Such was the devastation caused by these little invaders that a reward of twenty thousand pounds was offered, and in vain, for their destruction, and they were not got rid of until a deluge of rain fell and swept them away. If there be so vast a world of reasoning life below us in these communities of ants, bees, and other social insects possessing delicate but not very different senses, and pursuing busy, energetic existences, what new vistas this opens up to us of range beyond range of creation, and of the omnipresence upwards and downwards alike of rich, happy, and sentient life ! What may not be the higher far-off, and at present invisible, refinements of sense and intellect, if there can be these exquisite manifestations in creatures so minute ?

¹ “Figure to yourself,” says Huber, “two ant cities equal in size and population, and situated a few hundred paces from each other ; observe their countless numbers, equal to the population of two mighty empires. The armies meet midway between their respective cities and there join battle, many on elevated spots engage in single combat, while thousands on the flanks of the opposing armies are engaged in taking prisoners ; the struggle here is desperate, for if they allow themselves to be taken prisoners they know the fate which awaits them when they arrive at the hostile fornicary.”

LIX.

The serried columns like a rock
Marched on (if ants might use the phrase),
When suddenly the battle's shock
Was felt in its most deadly phase.
The enemy had, through their spies,
So learnt the movements of the foe,
That e'en a Moltke could not devise
A better plan to strike a blow.

In well-formed squares they put their trust ;
And when the braves dashed at them thousands bit the dust.¹

LX.

The dead and dying strewed the ground
On every side of every square ;
No braver soldiers could be found,
They braved all that the brave could dare ;
'Twas well they had immense reserves,
Or heroism would have sped.
The little braves had iron nerves
To climb o'er dying and the dead,

To grapple with their deadly foes ;
Alas, 'twas all in vain ! so harmless fell their blows.

¹ In the above poem I do not attempt to describe the wars of the red ants against their own species, but against the negroes. Huber says, "However incredible it may appear, the red ants go to war for the sole purpose of making slaves, who literally and truly labour for them, and perform all the daily domestic duties of the community. Nay, more, to heighten the wonder, the slave-dealers are ruddy or reddish, while those which are to be captured are black." "The whole history of the slave-making race is so incredible, that few names below that of Huber would be," says Lardner, "considered sufficiently unimpeachable to satisfy mankind of the truth of this marvellous deviation of nature from her usual laws." "For," says Huber, "my readers will perhaps be tempted to believe that I have suffered myself to be carried away by the love of the marvellous, and that in order to impart greater interest

LXI.

Thick columns moved on either flank ;
The fore-front would not own defeat
Until an officer of rank
Bid all the braves to feign retreat.
In haste they fell back on the rear,
Pursued by every negro brave,
Who thought their foes had fled through fear,
When 'twas a ruse, and meant to save
A neighbouring empire from despair ;
Thus fate oft turns the scale-beam by a single hair.

LXII.

Each column joined up on the plain,
Then fell on the victorious foe ;
A million negroes then were slain,
An empire then was plunged in woe.
Heaps upon heaps of negro dead
Were scattered o'er the battlefield ;
The negroes all with honour bled,
And would far sooner die than yield.
The demon war and havoc reigned,
And history now records a glorious victory gained !

to my narrative, I have given way to my inclination to embellish the facts that I have observed ; but the more wonderful Nature's attractions are to me the less do I feel inclined to alter them by a mixture of the reveries of imagination." It was not necessary for Huber to give an assurance of the facts of his history ; the well-known and distinguished philosopher, Professor Jurine, was present with him and witnessed the wonderful doings of the slave-making ants, and Mr Kirby, too, when studying the little people, bears testimony to the facts in Huber's history. "These warlike little people do not undertake their daring expeditions for the purpose of enslaving adults, but to get possession of the helpless infants of the colony they attack—that is, the larvæ or pupæ. These they educate in their own cities till they arrive at a perfect state, when they commence their servitude. Previous to their marching on their slave-

LXIII.

Now lamentations deep were heard ;
A city sacked and homes defiled ;
No brave for mercy spoke a word :
The aged were slain, but not the child.
Each sturdy warrior seized a nymph,
To be for e'er the captor's slave ;
These pretty slaves are fed on lymph,
A nectar which the ants all crave.
The slave then takes the master's place—
The same thing's often done among the human race.

LXIV.

O hydra-headed, cruel war !
Foul monster, breeder of despair !
At noon no negro ant foresaw
Such ruin to a home so fair.
A city tottering to its fall
At noon seemed firmly built on stone ;
At eve an ant was seen to crawl
Through the deserted streets alone :
He had been wounded on the plain,
And crawling home he found his friends and kindred slain.

making expeditions, there is reason to think they send out spies, who return with information of the position of the enemy, and also to report as to the best route to be pursued. The advance guard usually consists of eight or ten ants, but no sooner do they make an advance than they fall back, wheeling round in a semicircle, and then mix with the main body. All the little soldiers appear capable to take the command, seeing that they all in their turn take their place at the head of the army, and then falling into the rear make room for the others to take the lead. This is their usual order of march, and the object may probably be to communicate intelligence more easily through the whole army. After wending their way through the grass for some distance from their city, they disperse, and like dogs upon the scent, explore the ground with their antennæ. The negro colony, the object of their

LXV.

To see the little victors toil—

A stranger sight the bard ne'er saw—

So bravely did they bear their spoil ;

'Twas harder work by far than war.

In their small mandibles they held

The pretty little nymphs by twos ;

But then as athletes they excelled—

Athletics strengthened all their thews.

To compare man with a small ant,

Man must bear on his shoulders a large elephant.

LXVI.

With nymphs and larvæ well secured

The army marched back o'er the plain ;

The hardy braves, to war inured,

Moved in close order o'er the slain ;

The ambulance staff worked with will,

Nor rested they through all the night ;

'Twas theirs to heal and not to kill,

'Twas theirs to save and not to fight :

The wounded foe and wounded brave

Impartially they snatched from an untimely grave.

search, is soon discovered, the sentinels of which, keeping guard at the avenues, dart upon the foremost of their assailants with inconceivable fury. The alarm being given to the assailed city, crowds of its swarthy inhabitants rush forth from all the avenues ; but their valour is exerted in vain, for the besiegers, suddenly darting forward, compel them to retreat within and seek shelter in the lowest storey. Great numbers of the enemy thus enter the gates, while others make a breach in the walls, through which the victorious little soldiers march into the heart of the city. In a few minutes they hastily evacuate it by the same passages, each carrying a nymph, a larva, or a pupa in his mouth, which he has seized in spite of the unhappy guardians ; thus laden they return home by the former route. When the kidnappers, laden with what they can make off with, retire, they preserve the same compact

LXVII.

No drums nor fifes nor banners high,
 Nor trumpets sounding the *éclat*,
 'Twas theirs they knew to do or die—
 They did their duty in the war ;
 A soldiers' welcome they received,
 And soldiers' honours were their gain ;
 And 'mongst their kindred, 'tis believed,
 They fought their battles o'er again :
 Their honours were a broken head,
 And their poor mangled limbs they left among the dead.

LXVIII.

Again, how beautiful is night !
 The zephyr sighs her "Hush, be still !"
 And while the stars shed their soft light,
 'Tis sweet to hear the running rill.
 Hark ! hark ! what means that trumpet sound,
 'Tis challenged by the sentry ant—
 "Who goes there, on forbidden ground ?"
 "All's well," replied an elephant.
 "But who art thou, who art so bold,
 I cannot see thy form, though I can hear thee scold ?"

order in their retreat as in their advance ; for their indignant enemies will pursue them and harass their retreat for a considerable distance. During these battles the pillaged ant hill presents, in miniature, the spectacle of a besieged city. Hundreds of the inhabitants may be seen making their escape, some carrying off in different directions, to a place of security, the young brood, while others take off the females which are excluded ; but when the danger is wholly past they bring them back to their city, the gates of which they barricade, and station a strong detachment to defend the entrances. The subsequent treatment of the black slaves, thus obtained by rapine and violence, singularly contrasts with the sanguinary conflicts just detailed. In this respect their example reflects disgrace and shame on the human race, with

LXIX.

“ Ah ! thou wilt feel as well as hear,
If thou advance but one step more ;
Thou better hadst not come too near—
I’m here to guard the palace door.”
“ Whoe’er thou art, thou’rt mad or drunk,”
Was the dazed elephant’s reply.
“ Here ! try and mount upon my trunk,
I’ll raise thee then up to mine eye ;
Step up at once, have perfect trust—
Why, by mine ivories, I swear thou art but dust !

LXX.

“ And yet how bold of speech ! ’tis strange,
I never saw so small a thing—
Thou’rt outside of my memory’s range.
Ah, now I feel thou hast a sting !
Thou ticklest me, thou dost not hurt,
I’m interested in thy ways ;
Thou’rt such a lively piece of dirt ;
I never met in all my days
A thing so small, and yet so brave ;
Thou must come home with me and be my little slave.”

whom the slavery of their race was formerly, and in some places is even now, sanctioned ; and here again is the voice of inspiration addressed to men, ‘ Go to the ant, consider her ways, and be wise.’ The young and tender captives—whom it is marvellous should escape any hurt amid all the contentions of the field of battle—are carried to the cells of their new masters, and treated with the same care and attention as the offspring of their lords. They are the builders and repairers of the city, they collect food, attend to the females, undertake the proper care of their eggs, which they daily take within the influence of the warm sun. Nor is this all—for in every sense of the word they are true and faithful slaves—they actually feed their masters, and attend to all their wants with a loving care.”

LXXI.

“Ah, thou didst now but pass thy word
That I might to thine honour trust;
False elephant, I'll call the guard,
And we will make thee bite the dust!
I know thee for a cunning knave,
A thing of bulk, and great of brain;
Far sooner than I'll be thy slave
I'll call the guard¹ and have thee slain—
A million warriors I'll call;
And to be killed by ants, how great will be thy fall!”

LXXII.

The elephant then loudly blew
His trumpet, and was seen to laugh;
He thought he knew a thing or two—
To threaten thus he thought was chaff;
'Twas fun, too, from so small a thing,
A thing, too, with a brainless head.
Again he made his trumpet ring
As though he meant to wake the dead
So thickly strewn upon the plain,
The thing was too ridiculous for his large brain!

¹ It is impossible to exaggerate the intelligence and wonderful forethought of the ant. Mr. Darwin says:—“Ants communicate information to each other, and several unite for the same work or games of play. They recognise their fellow-ants after months of absence. They build great edifices, keep them clean, close the doors in the evening, and post sentries. They make roads and even tunnels under rivers. They collect food for the community; and when an object, too large for entrance, is brought to the nest, they enlarge the door, and afterwards build it up again. (See *L'instinct chez les Insectes*, par M. G. Pouchet.) They go out to battle in regular bands, and freely sacrifice their lives for the common weal. They emigrate in accordance with a preconcerted plan. They capture slaves. They keep aphides as

LXXIII.

"Am I a monad, to be mocked?
 I'd take thy kingdom in mine eyes;
 E'en my proboscis would be shocked
 To call thy soldiers enemies.
 My noble trunk would quite disdain
 To crush out lives so very small;
 'Tis said that I've ten pounds of brain,
 Whilst thou, I'm sure, hast none at all;
 But I will share my brain with thee,
 If thou wilt leave thy friends and come and dwell with me."

LXXIV.

"And dost thou think thy heavy brain
 Wilt not its equal find in mine?
 Thy great assumption I disdain—
 To share thy brain, too, I decline.
 Wouldst thou weigh mind by standard weight,
 Like human creatures weigh their coal?
 Such reason beggars all debate—
 I must be measured by my soul:
 The mind's the standard of the ant,
 The heavy brain's the standard of the elephant!"

LXXV.

No living thing upon the earth
 Had such a heavy weight of brain,
 This surely was of something worth—
 At least so thought Professor Bain.

milch cows. They move the eggs of their aphides as well as their own eggs and cocoons into warm parts of the nest, in order that they may be quickly hatched; and endless similar facts could be given."¹

¹ *Descent of Man*, vol. i., p. 187.

The large brain thought the small a joke.

“Come thou with me, thou brainless ant”—

These words were now in anger spoke

By the indignant elephant—

“Thou small-brained thing, come home with me,

Or I’ll blow thee with my trunk where none shall find thee.”

LXXVI.

The sentry cried with rising wrath,

“Ants to the rescue! pass the word!”¹

And when ten thousand braves came forth

Nought but the din of war was heard.

The strategy and skilled attack

Developed as the ants drew near,

They took in style the monster’s back

And sought the cover of each ear;

They took and held these portals well,

And soon the citadel to the besiegers fell.

LXXVII.

“Ah!” cried the elephant, “what fun!”

When first he saw the ants appear;

But when the real attack begun

And they marched boldly in his ear

He stood transfixed in great alarm.

His ponderous trunk swayed left and right,

Nor was it an effective arm

In such a Liliputian fight.

He could not see his deadly foes,

They were so small and ran between his blows.

¹ That ants communicate their ideas on every occasion, will be apparent from the following facts (on the authority of Huber, Lardner, and the most eminent natural historians):—On disturbing the surface of their nest, the first thing which strikes us is the excessive quickness with which the knowledge of the injury has been communicated to the whole society. No noise is heard, no sound is emitted, yet in a few

LXXVIII.

On still they pressed to the attack,¹
Unnumbered hosts, unknown to fear;
And most were seen to scale the back
To seek the cover of an ear.
And every vulnerable point,
No bigger than the head of pin,
On every scar, in every joint,
The sappers tried to enter in;
They drank his tears, they fringed his eyes;
Nor did they heed their victim's agonizèd cries.

LXXIX.

The elephant was smitten sore
In every joint, in ears and eyes;
Still to the front pressed more and more
Implacable fierce enemies.
The giant rolled upon the ground,
Then rising wildly, in despair,
His mighty trunk he whirled around
And hurled large boulders in the air;
He saw no enemy to attack,
Though millions were in eyes, and ears, and on his back.

minutes many thousands, stationed in a remote part of the city, are informed of the calamity which has occurred in the suburbs. Now, nothing can account for this but the possession of a sort of language, communicated and understood between themselves, not by sound, but by touch. On these and similar occasions the ants may be observed to strike each other's heads, or bring antennæ into contact. This then is their language. Still Huber, and the younger Huber, describe them while going to battle making a noise with their mouths, which appears to be quite understood by the moving columns.

¹ M. Huber says the ants are clever in offensive and defensive warfare, and always show most determined courage. They never turn from an enemy, be he large or small—a mite or an elephant; nor will these pigmy heroes be daunted by man himself.

LXXX.

In vain he tries to break the spell ;
He's driven mad and blind with rage,
The air is riven by his yell ;
He seeks some substance to engage,
No matter what, living or dead.
No longer paralyzed with fear,
With his huge trunk he strikes his head,
And tries to tear away each ear ;
Then, butting blindly at a rock,
He dies, and wakes the bard with the terrific shock.

LXXXI.

To dream of facts is not so strange,
When facts are impressed on the mind ;
Fictitious minds will facts estrange,
And keep them, too, from all mankind.
Facts are more marvellous by far
Than fiction of the maddest brain ;
Dive deep for facts in Nature's law
And we shall find—Professor Bain.
There's brain enough in one small ant
To circumvent the brain-power of an elephant.

LXXXII.

Adieu ! brave little ant, adieu !
Men's brains must now be put in scale ;
Ah me ! the scales must first be true,
Or with gross matter mind may fail.
Thy theory here, Bain, has some fact,
Therefore thy weights the bard must weigh ;
In honour thou dost always act,
To prove a case thou ne'er saidst nay ;
Opponents thou wilt always face,
And both defeat and victory bear with equal grace.

LXXXIII.

Tall men, thou sayest, as a rule¹
 Are known to have the largest brains ;
 Then we had best endow a school
 To evolve mind with growing pains,
 And have boys crammed like geese for size.
 Then might old England bear the palm,
 And get the world's gold medal prize
 For legs and brain and trunk and arm.

Giants in body and in mind
 Like fatted pigs, would then astonish all mankind !

LXXXIV.

"Go the whole hog," Bain ; why go halves ?
 (Thou lovest old sayings and wise saws)
 'Tis said men's brains are in their calves,
 Ah me ! to have brain-making jaws,
 And means to get good beef and pork ;
 To be at home at dinner call
 And know the use of knife and fork,
 And have an appetite withal.

To be well stretched on the trapeze
 And so enlarge the brain and save the college fees !

¹ "It is found that tall men, as a rule, have larger brains than small men. Comparing the increasing size of the brain with increase of mental power, we are struck with the smallness of the one increase as compared with the other. An ordinary male human brain weighs 48 oz. avoirdupois ; the brains of extraordinary men seldom reach Cuvier's figure, 64 oz. Now the intellectual force of the ordinary man is surpassed by Cuvier in a far higher ratio than this. Taking the mere memory, which is the basis of intellect, an ordinary man could not retain one-third or one-fourth, perhaps not one-tenth of the facts stored up in the mind of a Cuvier. The comparison of animals with human beings would sustain a similar inference." (This I have shown in my tale of the ant and elephant to be a great error, and I am supported by all natural historians of note.) "There would be no exaggeration in

LXXXV.

Call forth thy man of eighteen stone¹
 With ounces sixty-four of brain ;
 Ah, call thy Cuvier here alone,—
 He's thy ideal, Professor Bain,
 And the great brain-force of thy case,—
 Still e'en in him thou mayest fail:
 He's the exception to the race,
 Still we will have him in the scale.
 Of matter eighteen stone we find
 Less ounces sixty-four of brain thou callest mind.

LXXXVI.

In France there lived some years ago
 A little corporal known to fame ;
 The world in arms became his foe,
 The world in arms he overcame.

saying that while the size of brain increases in arithmetical proportion, intellectual range increases in geometrical proportion.”¹ “Doctors agree to differ.” Newnham says—and every day's experience proves him right—that: “Truly the size of an organ, in nature or mechanics, is no indication of the power and energy of action. - On the contrary, firmness and fineness of texture, and completeness of adjustment, give that power and energy which size cannot communicate, but to which, on the contrary, it seems inimical. You greatly err against Nature and Science when you attribute increased energy to increased size. The mainspring of a watch is not to be judged by its size, whether absolute or relative. The most surprising effects are produced by the minutest machinery. The strength of a bone or joint does not depend on its size ; on the contrary, large bones, large joints (and it might be added, large heads), are commonly feeble ; and in all athletic performances small bones and joints will always endure longer, and sustain more fatigue, and perform better than those which are larger.”

¹ Of course Cuvier was a wonderfully well-informed man ; his memory was prodigious, and his brain, like Jumbo the elephant, had not its equal in size. Still, what we contend for is this, that it does not

¹ *Mind and Body*, p. 21.

And wouldst thou weigh the flesh and bone
Of thy great Cuvier, and his brain,
With the renowned Napoléon,
Who o'er the earth once seemed to reign;
Whose will-volition would alone
Strike down a mighty empire, or build up a throne.

LXXXVII.

Thy Cuvier's mind was simply vast,
Napoléon's mind was a great force;
Their heads in different moulds were cast,
And each mind had a separate course.
They were apart as are the poles;
The brain of one was broad and deep,
A large recess of docket holes
Where t'other might despatches keep.
The small man's brain was greater far
In creative force, diplomacy, or war.

LXXXVIII.

A correspondent of *The Times*
Whose height is four feet and a span,—
Would that the bard could make his rhymes
Give a true portrait of the man!—
A star amongst the brilliant staff
Of the first journal of the land,
Whose brain's not measured by his calf;
Still is he fit to take command
And rule as monarch of the mind,
And do his country good and benefit mankind.

always follow that the largest-brained man is the most brilliant and intellectual. For, as Newnham says, "There is a great difference in the capacity of different brains for carrying on the mental processes; we are accustomed to say, and very justly, that their minds are of different calibre, although there shall be the same degree of organic

LXXXIX.

High seated on a wooden stool
 With feet a-dangling down in space,
 Ah, who would think that he could rule
 Or bless or curse the human race?
 Gaze at an intellect—be still!
 The flesh and bone thou wilt not see;
 Thou art before a mighty will,
 Call it the mind and it is he.
 The body is not worth a name,
 But it, or he, the mind, is a bright living flame.

XC.

Oh, thou abortive shapeless frame!
 Oh, thou distorted wretched shell!
 For ever such a living flame
 Was not ordained with thee to dwell.
 It tells the atheist that he lies,
 Death ne'er can quench it nor the clod;
 'Tis the true life, it never dies,
 It is the very breath of God.
 Amidst the wreck of worlds 'twill soar
 To dwell with the eternal mind for evermore.

development. The brain shall appear to be the same; yet one has the power of a giant and the other of a pigmy. Hence we infer:—*First*, That though the brain be an organ of thought, yet the generation of thought, the nature and quality of thought, and the aptitude for its employment, are not dependent upon the quantum of brain, nor upon any demonstrable property of the nervous fibre. *Secondly*, Neither is the reach of mental manifestations dependent upon the perfection of the senses; for although these form an inlet for a great variety of ideas, yet it will often be found that the power of abstraction, and combination of thought generally, is the greatest in those whose senses are not eminently developed; and, on the contrary, there will often be the least mental development where there is the greatest power and acuteness of the senses, as is manifestly the case with the Indian tribes.

XCI.

O for the days of Herod ! then
 The little babes throughout the land
 Who will make only little men
 Might all be strangled off by hand.
 Their loss would be the nation's gain—
 They'll be too short for this our time ;
 And if they died for lack of brain,
 Where, then, would be the nation's crime ?
 Ah, let the little ones be torn
 From the maternal breast,—why were they ever born ?

XCII.

Wise, noble Earl, John Russell,¹ thou
 Wert called to heaven just in time ;
 Thy presence here would not do now ;
 Thou 'dst have to answer for the crime
 Of taking from thy noble race—
 Such things the bard can scarcely name—
 A little body and small face ;
 And by their means thou climbed to fame.
 'Tis well thy flesh and bones are dead :
 Old England would not now be ruled by thy small head.

Thirdly, Great bodily and mental power are rarely met with in the same individual, and it commonly happens that where there is much intellectual activity there is a feebleness of vital power, which confirms the proposition that the capacity for thought is dependent rather upon some unknown peculiarity of the cerebral fibre than upon its quantity or cognizable structure." Mr. A——, a correspondent of the *Times*, bears out this hypothesis. He is the smallest man ever employed on the staff of the great journal, yet such is the volition of his will, and the power of his intellect, that brilliant men are dwarfed beneath their influence. No one can be in his presence long without forgetting the little body in admiration of the great mind.

¹ Lord John Russell, statesman, and Premier of England, although a small man, was recognised as one of the most intellectual men of

XCIII.

Thy noble race lived for mankind,
And died, too, on the bloody block ;
They all possessed a brilliant mind,
And thou wert worthy of the stock.
No power on earth could daunt thee when
A wrong usurped the place of right ;
Thou hadst at heart the good of men,
For freedom thou wouldst always fight.
Thy name, Lord Russell, ne'er can die
While England holds aloft the flag of liberty.

XCIV.

'Tis well thou didst not live to find
Men's science taking fearful strides
To crush God's faith out of mankind.
Things incorporeal it derides ;
Counts cells by billions in the brain,
And fibres by the billion too ;
Tells little men they'll be insane
Unless they strengthen limb and thigh ;
Man has no soul, matter is mind,
A thing of molecules and aeriform combined.

XCV.

Some men would tear the world from God,
And give to science the control ;
And if thou rose up from the clod,
Science would rob thee of thy soul,—

his time ; the wisest men of the House of Commons for half-a-century gave the greatest consideration to the wisdom which fell from his lips. Still, perhaps neither the Earl Russell nor Mr. A. of *The Times* may suffice to satisfy Professor Bain that he is wrong in stating that "tall men, as a rule, have the largest brain," which, from his standpoint, means the largest intellects ; so anon we will satisfy on this point the most fastidious.

Not the true science, but a cheat,
 A conjuring thing that proves too much.
 It tries to do the marvellous feat,
 To ignore things it cannot touch;
 It knows not that the things most real
 Are those things upon which it cannot fix its seal.

XCVI.

Rise, Aristotle, from the dead!
 Appear, thou little lisping seer!¹
 Come forth, and show thy little head
 To one who holds thy memory dear.
 Thy body, say—ah! where is it?
 Thy mind—we'll not ask where is he;
 'Tis immaterial, and 'twas lit
 By God's own mind, and thou wilt be
 An ever burning, shining light
 Among the intellects of the Great Infinite.

XCVII.

Thy body, once so weak and small,
 Enshrined a mighty, active mind.
 'Twas a mistake thou wert not tall.
 From thy biographers we find

¹ And with the "little lisping seer" we will call forth a goodly company of the greatest intellectual men that ever lived, and who all had small heads, as Lord Byron, Cosmo di Medici, and Lord Bacon. "Many men of genius of ancient times had only what may be called ordinary or every-day foreheads—as, for instance, Herodotus, Alcibiades, Euripides, Plato, Sophocles, Eschiodes, Epicurus, Severus, Lucius Verus, etc.; and among the moderns, Swift, Goldsmith, Otway, Bunyan, Calvin, Erasmus, Luther, Linnæus, Rembrandt, Ariosto, Johnson, Molière, Chaucer, Wedgwood, Caxton, Moore, etc." But why conjure up more? I will merely name one other, and one that Professor Bain ever delights to honour—viz., Aristotle, who will "completely smash up and pulverise" the large-head theory. Aris-

Thou wert so short ; yet thou didst reign
King of men's minds. Oh, how absurd
To come as witness against Bain,
Who passed his scientific word
That little men were most insane ;¹
And thou hast now destroyed his theory on the brain.

XCVIII.

"He with most friends hath not a friend,"
Wise Aristotle, thou once said.
Alas ! why couldst thou not defend
Thy spirit's friend, ungrateful dead ?
Thy student, Alexander Bain,
Like Alexander called the Great,
Drew occult science from thy brain.
Both have received thy friendship's fate ;
But thy rebuke to Bain transcends
Our modern solecism, "Save me from my friends."

XCIX.

Now pledge me, friend, in Neptune's Cup ;²
Thou canst not pass it back to me ;
Thy muscles ne'er will raise it up.
Gaze in it ;—wonders thou wilt see.

totle was "in health, like most ardent brain-workers, delicate. He was short and slender in person ; he had small eyes and an affected lisp." ¹

¹ Professor Bain does not say little men are "insane ;" but when he affirms that tall men, as a rule, have the largest brain, and that the human brain is the human mind, he would have us infer that, as little men must have small brains, they must consequently have little minds.

² This sponge grows to the height of six feet on the submarine rocks. It has a narrow stalk which at a certain height expands considerably, and gives the structure the appearance of a cup symmetrically

¹ *Lewes's History of the Philosophers*, p. 280

A million billion little men
Produced the fine exquisite bowl.
They're far too small for human ken ;
They have no bodies, only soul ;
Still, there's the goblet, hard as flint,
Nor could man make it for the gold now in the mint.

hollowed out, and exactly like an immense drinking goblet. To such a colossal vase the imagination of the sailor could give only one name, that of the redoubtable god of the sea ; this living vase is the Cup of Neptune. "I never see," says Dr. Pouchet, "one of these gigantic sponges without humbling myself before the wisdom of Providence. This truly monumental structure is erected solely by myriads of polypi, fragile animals, shrunk within their holes, and only half-issuing in order to plunge their imperceptible arms into the waves. And who directs and guides the invisible hands of these polypi, separated one from another, and often a yard apart, so as to give their works such harmonious symmetry? Who, when the narrow stalk is finished, tells its population that from thenceforth they must widen it? Who tells them when the time is come for hollowing the vase, and when is the season for thinning its edges and adorning the exterior ribs? And, lastly, what supreme inspiration teaches a multitude of workmen so scattered, and all caged in their little cells, that they must mould the cup in all its artistic proportions? I can understand the bee building her cell ; but I admit that all seems to me incomprehensible in the architectural work of Neptune's Cup. My mind is overwhelmed and confounded. This magnificent construction is the noblest challenge we can offer the school of Materialism. Does physico-chemical science explain how these animals communicate with each other so as to finish their common habitation (for it is absolutely necessary that all should be governed by one dominant idea)? Certainly not. There is nothing but utter feebleness in these presumptuous theories, the audacity of which now-a-days alone makes them successful." The above quotation is taken from the excellent work of Dr. Pouchet called *The Universe ; or, the Infinitely Great and the Infinitely Little*. To the challenge given in the above quotation to the Materialist I will not add to or take from ; and leaving the problem to be solved by men of scientific research, I come to the

Part III.

DATA OF ETHICS.

PART III.

THE TASK.

“HINTS, repeated of late years with increasing frequency and distinctness, have shown me my health may permanently fail, even if life does not end, before I reach the last part of the task I have marked out for myself. The last part of the task it is to which I regard all the preceding parts as subsidiary. . . . My ultimate purpose, lying behind all proximate purposes, has been that of finding for the principles of right and wrong in conduct at large a scientific basis. . . . I am the more anxious to indicate in outline, if I cannot complete, this my final work ; because the establishment of rules of right conduct on a scientific basis is a pressing need. Now that moral injunctions are losing the authority given by their supposed sacred origin, the secularization of morals is becoming imperative. Few things can happen more disastrous than the decay and death of a regulative system no longer fit, before another and fitter regulative system has grown up to replace it. . . . As the change which promises or threatens to bring about this state desired or dreaded is rapidly progressing, those who believe that the vacuum can be filled, and that it must be filled, are bound to do something in pursuance of their belief.”

Of the thousand and one religious creeds set up for the guidance of mankind, Mr. Herbert Spencer may justly lay claim to one ; and there can be no doubt that he believes that one beyond all others to be the only one equal to the wants of the race. It may be questioned whether what he

calls his "fitter regulative system" should be called a religious creed. Whatever may be the opinion of his disciples, to my mind Mr. Spencer is trying to transform the worship of God into Nature-worship. In fact his revelation is the power manifested in Nature through Evolution, and his guide to right conduct is the simple outcome of innate morals. If Mr. Spencer, in providing a "fitter regulative system" for the race, had been contented with a place among Confucius, Pythagoras, Socrates, Zoroaster, Buddha, Apollonius, Máni, Mahomet, Brigham Young, and Moses, with a heap of others, his ambition might have been impressed within the bounds of human achievements; but his thoughts rise infinitely higher than the combined intelligence of all the seers who have lived before him. He finds the regulative system which Jesus Christ has provided for mankind is decaying, and therefore he has the modest wish that he may live to provide a fitter regulative system for the race; one which will endure for ever. Alas, into what folly brilliant minds will run when they step over their finite capacity to grasp at the something which will ever be beyond their reach! There is nothing new under the sun. Every age produces men who fancy they have discovered a "fitter regulative system" for the race. During the present century we have had "religion-manufacturers" of every conceivable type; some the most ethereal and fantastical and others the most solid and matter-of-fact. Then came what was intended to be an Absolute Religion, a "species of idealism," which was very much favoured by optimist philosophers. In this system "the invisible world was recognised as a province of creation. . . . Men's thoughts were directed inwards (as Mr. Spencer is now directing ours), so that speculators were impelled to search amid the silent depths of their own being for the oracle to disentangle their perplexities. The primitive idea of God, it was maintained, by a spontaneous process of self-evolution, leads directly upwards to the purest and

noblest conceptions of His nature, prompts the various 'races' of mankind to fashion their theologies in harmony with the instincts of the human spirit, and thus determines the religious character of every age and people. While the former generation struggled by the aid of criticism to weaken and destroy the credibility of Holy Scripture, or evacuated and etherealised the special doctrines of Christianity where these could not be utterly expunged, this new school of philosophers commonly admitted that some such doctrines were announced by Christ or His immediate successors, but professed to treat them as so many natural products of the ordinary human mind, as self-devised expedients for appeasing a peculiar class of human wants and aspirations, or as forms assumed by the ideas of God in one peculiar stage of their development. Religions generally, and the Gospel as one member of the class, are therefore mere expressions of the fundamental beliefs inherent in our spiritual nature. These writers commonly refused to be indebted for their guidance to a sacred book, or any kind of outward revelation."¹ Mr. Hardwick calls up Mr. Theodore Parker, one of the chief oracles of the Absolute Religion, to tell us what we were summoned to believe; or, rather (for his system cannot boast of its constructiveness) what points we were urged to throw away. This teacher of an Absolute Religion says:—"Of course I do not believe in a devil, eternal torment, nor in a particle of absolute evil in God's world or in God. I do not believe that there ever was a miracle, or ever will be; everywhere I find law—the constant mode of operation of the infinite God. I do not believe in the miraculous inspiration of the Old Testament or the New Testament. I do not believe that the Old Testament was God's first word, nor the New Testament His last. The Scriptures are no finality to me. Inspiration is a perpetual fact. Prophets

¹ Hardwick—*Christ and other Masters*, p. 20.

and Apostles did not monopolize the Father. He inspires men to-day as much as heretofore. In nature, also, God speaks for ever. . . . I do not believe in the miraculous origin of the Hebrew Church, or the Buddhist Church, or the Christian Church; nor the miraculous character of Jesus. I take not the Bible for my master, not yet the Church, nor even Jesus of Nazareth for my master. . . . I try all things by the human faculties. . . . But at the same time I reverence the Christian Church for the great good it has done to mankind; I reverence the Mahometan Church for the good it has done—a far less good.”

Whatever might have been Mr. Spencer's beliefs forty years ago, his *Data of Ethics* appears absolute nonsense compared even with the Absolute Religion of that date. Vague and elusory as was Mr. Theodore Parker's system, it was the outcome of an optimist who believed in an all-inspiring God, the Father of all life, who spoke not His first word in the Old Testament nor His last in the New Testament, but who would continue to speak to the race in all coming ages, for He had established a “perpetual inspiration.” In fact, it is hard to find among all the systems of religion one less practical than that offered to us in the *Data of Ethics*.

To those who understand human nature, even the old Hindoo theology would be preferable as a system to elevate mankind. This comparison, of course, Mr. Spencer will consider an outrage on Science, but if unscience or faith is better fitted to raise men's thoughts to higher life, why try to introduce a more unworkable system, one, too, founded on speculation quite as mystical as the imaginations of the most imaginative in the eastern world. The Hindoos, certainly, have a more exalted view of man. They believe, according to the Vedas, that there is an “unknown true Being, all-present, all-powerful, the Creator, Preserver, and Destroyer of the universe.” This Supreme Being is not comprehen-

sible by vision or by any other organ of sense ; He is not space, nor air, nor light, nor atoms, nor soul, nor Nature ; He is above all these, and the cause of them all. He has no feet, but extends everywhere ; has no hands, but holds everything ; has no eyes, yet sees all that is ; has no ears, yet hears everything that passes. He is the smallest of the small and the greatest of the great. Such is the doctrine of the Vedas in its purest and most abstract form ; but the prevailing doctrine in India, Pantheism, has been a still more exalting creed. The Hindoos have had their material Pantheism, which may be summed up in the formula, "All things are God, and God is all things." The latter creed, though sadly erroneous in its formularies, is divested of grossness and is elevating to the race ; it reveals God in the firmament and on the earth, in the stormy sea and the rippling rill, in the trees of the forest and flowers of the meadow. He is heard in every sound, from the rolling thunder to the music of the humming bee. He permeates all things, and, though not seen, beauty and grandeur springs forth visibly from His presence. Nor would the new creed which Mr. Herbert Spencer would impose upon the race be half so joy-creating and pleasure-giving as India's Monotheism. The devout and cultivated minds of India seem for many ages past to have devoted themselves to a contemplation based on books revealed as sacred, which led them to regard the visible universe as one vast dream ; to escape from this dream by death, to become re-united to the great soul of the universe by loss of personality, and complete absorption into it, was held by them to be the one sole object for which the wise in this life yearn and strive. Pantheism everywhere bears witness, though in an imperfect and mistaken way, to two great, solemn, and beneficent religious truths. Of these the first is, that in Him who made them they live, move, and have their being ; and the second, that in union with the Creator must ever lie the highest happiness of the creature.

Now, Mr. Spencer, having grasped within his great mind all the religious creeds of the world, and having discovered that the whole of them, being founded on a false basis, have become obsolete, has prepared for our race a "fitter regulative system" for life-guidance, which must be acknowledged, even by himself, to be about the highest pretension which a philosopher or any mortal man can well put forward. The code of "Supernatural Ethics," which he deems obsolete, has been for many centuries the predominant force in the life of the civilised portions of mankind. It has laid a strong hold upon the whole of human conduct—it has inspired men in life and supported them in death. To propose to fill the vacuum which would be occasioned by the disappearance of this creed is a very different thing to founding a new theory of moral philosophy. It involves, as we have stated, the founding of a new religion. In saying this we do not say that morality is dependent on supernatural ethics, for as Dr. Stanley Leathes says, "The question, whether if there were no authentic expression of the will of God towards man, and no written record of Divine revelation, we should still know what was right and be able to do it, is one that differs essentially from the question whether, having ceased to believe in, and therefore rejecting, a supposed revelation of God, which had taught us the principles of morality, we should still be able to maintain these principles and have the courage to act upon them independently of any Divine sanction. For to the first question a conclusive answer is given both by nature and experience. The power of discerning between right and wrong in some form is inherent in the lowest examples of human nature, and the nations of antiquity who laid no claim to revelation, properly so called, have nevertheless supplied us with some of the noblest maxims of morality, and with some of the brightest examples of the influence of them upon their conduct. But it is altogether a different matter if we come upon professedly scientific principles to

the conclusion that there is no God ; or, which in this case is practically the same thing, that there is no authorised expression of His will, because then, whatever faculty of discrimination there may be between right and wrong must be explained upon other principles than those of morality, and must be made to account for itself without reference to sanction. And this is no mere assertion but a matter of fact. It is no use to account for a morality upon scientific principles which would explain the goodness of an action as we would explain the goodness of anything else, with mere reference to the purpose or object to which it has relation, without regard to any higher standard or to any ulterior object." Mr. Spencer says there is no higher standard or ulterior object other than our "Intuitions," which, freed of superstitions and dogmas, would seek after, until they found, in pleasure and pleasurable feeling, ultimate rest ; and to this pleasure and to these pleasurable feelings the conscience and actions of the race must be subservient. Professor D. M'Means says Mr. Spencer rather cautiously opposes Mr. Sidgwick in regard to the "fundamental assumption of Hedonism," that feelings as feelings can be arranged in a scale of desirability. He gives two reasons for the opposition ; first, although indefinite things do not admit of definite measurement, yet an approximately true estimate of their relative values may be made when they differ considerably (page 152). Elsewhere we find the statements, "The philosophical moralist is obliged wholly to ignore any deviation from strict rectitude. It cannot be admitted into his premisses without vitiating all his conclusions. But he has himself shown that justice is only a means to happiness, and it is impossible to do this without an acquaintance with the nature of just acts. Of course, if Mr. Spencer insists that a just act is one that must produce happiness, and refuses any inductive proof, the question becomes one of definition, and controversy is profitless. It is somewhat perplexing with

this apparent denial of any direct comparison of pleasurable results, to listen to Mr. Spencer's comments on the "Hedonistic Paradox," which may be stated as follows:—That we cannot attain to pleasure in its best form so long as we concentrate our aim on pleasure. He thinks this is no paradox, because it is a general law that the pleasures attendant on the use of means to achieve an end itself becomes an end. No one perhaps ever disputed this, but since the paradox holds of pleasures connected with the use of means, the application misses its mark.¹ If such pleasures be made the conscious aim, the highest zest and flavour are gone from the pursuit. Mr. Spencer defines "pleasure" as "whatever feeling we desire." This, as Mr. Sidgwick observes, is not a psychological truth, but a tautological assertion. Even if we consider pleasure as agreeable sensation, and admit that all our activity is directed to the attainment of this end, which is certainly more than would commonly be assumed, several different assumptions are necessary before the doctrine is of service to Mr. Spencer.¹ Never did a philosopher get so befogged in trying to solve a problem as Mr. Spencer, in trying to explain his pleasurable theory for filling that "vacuum," which has been the primary object of forty years' hard mental work; and no one knows better than Mr. Spencer himself how he has been befogged. This is evidenced in his ninth chapter. In that chapter there is no mistaking his obscured mental condition, for in it he candidly admits the practical valuelessness of his premisses. He says (p. 150), "We have seen that to admit the desirableness of conscious existence, is to admit that conduct should be such as will produce a consciousness which is desirable—a consciousness which is as much pleasurable and as little painful as may be. We have also seen that this necessary implication corresponds with the *à priori* inference, that the evolu-

¹ See *Mind* for July 1882.

² *Ibid.*, July 1882.

tion of life has been made possible only by the establishment of connections between pleasures and beneficial actions, and between pains and detrimental actions. But the general conclusion reached in both these ways, though it covers the area within which our special conclusions must fall, does not help to reach those special conclusions. Were pleasures all of one kind, differing only in degree; were pains only of one kind, differing only in degree; and could pleasures be measured against pains with definite results, the problems of conduct would be greatly simplified. Were the pleasures and pains serving as incentives and deterrents simultaneously present to consciousness with like vividness, or were they all immediately impending, or were they all equidistant, in time the problems would be further simplified. And they would be still further simplified if the pleasures and pains were exclusively confined to the actor. But both the desirable and the undesirable feelings are of various kinds, making quantitative comparisons difficult; some are present and some are future, increasing the difficulty of quantitative comparison; some are entailed on self, and some are entailed on others, again increasing the difficulty. So that the guidance yielded by the primary principle reached is of little service, unless supplemented by the guidance of secondary principles." Here we have a brilliant intellect, one of the thought leaders of the day, treating as of secondary importance such moral principles as the supremacy of conscience, and in endeavouring to escape from a difficulty we find him plunging deeper into the fog, and in his extremity saying that "the primary principle reached is of little service unless supplemented by secondary principles. There are feelings, and pleasurable feelings, the antithesis of what society could tolerate, and which without checks would run the whole race into moral chaos. Nowhere can these checks be found in the *Data of Ethics*; in fact, pleasurable feeling without definition or distinction is the one and only thing offered

to us to make life worth living. Does the philosopher imagine the laboratory can change human nature and supply a regulative system, as it would to a gasometer, so that the purified forces would be alone utilised? Take from my last quotation all its verbosity, and winnow from it all the chaff, and you will reduce the regulative system to the guidance of human passions. Mr. Thorneley's article asks, "Is there any process in the moral world answering to what is known in the physical world as the 'transmutation' or 'conversion' of energy? If it can be shown that what may be termed 'moral energy' or motive power can be made to assume different forms in the same way that mechanical force can be converted into heat, and heat again into electricity, we shall be able to see at once what the general character of moral progress will be likely to be. We can see that it may be possible for love (not of pleasurable feeling) of right or duty, which at present is but one of many forms of impulse, to take to itself gradually the strength of all the rest, and raise itself in time to the position of the sole ruler of life. We can see, too, that the amount of transmutation already effected may not unfairly be taken as the measure and standard of moral development. The practical question is, therefore, whether, as a matter of fact, any such means exist by which one motive can be deprived of its power and another proportionately strengthened? Now, I venture to think that we have all that is wanted to enable us to answer this question in the affirmative in the common tendency of acts of all kinds to strengthen the motives which give rise to them."¹ This brilliant suggestion simply proves the practicability of the old faith in philosophical science, when it has common sense and reason for its basis. The able writer goes on to say, "Moral progress is seen to proceed by a series of compromises, and it is as the means of effecting these

¹ *Mind*, xix.

compromises that the motives, which, as opposed to the love of duty, we may call 'non-moral,' are to be valued. Their goodness is founded on man's moral infirmity, which obliges him to have recourse to aids and means in the attempt to subdue the lower impulses of his nature. Too weak to mount at once to the supreme control of life, the love of (not pleasurable feelings) duty 'stoops to conquer,' and avails itself of the assistance of inferior motives in proportion to the greatness of its need. . . . The opponents which duty has most reason to fear in youth are the appetites and passions . . . and it is of the utmost importance that the attempt to repress them should not be deferred till the character has formed and hardened round them." Now, if pleasure, or the indulgence of pleasurable feelings, is to form the staple of the moral life of our youth, where would it land them? In summing up the *Data of Ethics*, Professor Wace says:—"By Mr. Spencer's maimed notions it would be very strange if satisfactory conclusions were reached. It is difficult, in fact, to discern any 'Ethical Data' whatever, properly speaking, in a treatise which rejects any other ultimate test of goodness than that of pleasure, and which, to say the least, relegates to the background the moral conceptions which have been most potent in the loftiest teachers, and the noblest races of men." The only moral motive in the *Data of Ethics* is found at page 120, as follows:—"But as men become more completely adapted to the social state, they will appreciate more clearly the evil consequences which bad acts naturally produce, and the advantageous consequences which good acts naturally produce, and as it becomes more distinct and predominant, it loses the associated consciousness of subjection to some external agency;" or, in other words, "the feeling of obligation fades" (page 127). This leads to the "tacit conclusion" which, as Mr. Spencer says, "will be the most startling," viz., that the sense of duty or moral obligation is transitory, and will

diminish as fast as moralisation increases. Under such a view, moral obligation, which has hitherto been deemed the cardinal principle in Ethics, becomes a mere accident of them. It is neither their beginning nor their end. It arises as a temporary illusion in the process of their development, and the highest attainment of man's moral nature is to live in the simple satisfaction of sound impulses, without realising that he is subject to a controlling power, or is conforming to the will of a lawful authority. Again I ask, What will this new "regulative system" do for us? Very few have pondered over the subject more than myself. I have read and re-read the *Data of Ethics*, with all criticisms for and against, English and foreign, but no light has arisen to dispel the moral darkness that envelops this scheme which is to benefit the human race. Night after night have I sat with the *Data of Ethics* in my hand, and hour after hour have I been absorbed in—well, call it a reverie—dreaming, though awake, and in each wakeful dream I have called up to my imagination philosophers who were brilliant, good, and true, but yet withal lacked that common sense so necessary for the understanding of human nature. And as I always jotted down my thoughts whilst in my reverie, I now, with the aid of the publisher, submit them to the consideration of, I trust, an indulgent reader.

A REVERIE.

I.

PRINCE COGGERSHALLIGNITUS reigned
Over a plastic simple race.
The Prince himself was learned, and gained,
As scientist, the highest place
Amongst the wise men of his time.
His philosophic thoughts we'll trace,
And clothe them in such decent rhyme,
That ages hence will not efface
Them from the world's historic page,
Where glow the brilliant thoughts of scientist and sage.

II.

The philosophic princely youth
Gave Coggershall a royal name.
'Twas there the Prince's love of truth
Gave promise of his future fame.
He raised a corps of volunteers,
Who could not read, nor could they write.
Naught did they know of guns or spears,
Nor did they know left leg from right.
The Prince to drill these raw recruits
Stuffed wisps of hay and straw into the rustics' boots.

III.

This serious check to drill o'ercome,
Alas! another check arose.
Who'd play the fife, who'd beat the drum?
'Twas better to dispense with foes
Than martial music, thought the Prince.
All men, he knew, would one day die
In battle or no-battle, since
Death was their common destiny.
But death and glory, blood and strife,
Would lose their martial charm without the drum and fife.

IV.

One Zigazaggerus, a sprite
The Prince loved as a faithful friend,—
This imp of mischief took delight
To mould the royal will, and blend
Evil with good in every thought
Of the great philosophic mind,
And thus contrived to bring to naught
Works which were meant to bless mankind.
He told the Prince he'd overcome
All checks to raise the corps—he'd furnish pipes and drum.

V.

This imp of sin and mischief knew
A man who kept a raree-show ;
The drum he beat, the pipes he blew,
But two tunes only did he know—
"Cherry Ripe" and "Jack's the Lad."
What matter? he could make a noise,—
Not martial,—still 'twas not so bad ;
He pleased the big and little boys ;
His exhibition, too, was strife
Between pugnacious Punch and his pugnacious wife.

VI.

'Twas most grotesque and strange to see
The Prince a-heading his recruits,
And Zigazaggerus and he
With hay and straw stuffed in their boots.
The showman beat his monster drum
As the recruits marched through the town ;
The little boys cried, "Here they come!"
(All Coggershall seemed upside down ;)
"Oh, mother, here be Hodge and Bill
A-marching with the Punch-and-Judy man to drill!"

VII.

None but a genius could devise
To drill recruits of wits bereft.
The Prince was too wise to despise
Good men who knew not right from left ;
For erudition in recruits
Oft leads them to rebel and plot :
Enough for them to know their boots,
And how to shoot and to be shot.
He knew fools did what they were told ;
Wise men were not so foolish, though they were as bold

VIII.

“ Ah ! ” cried the Prince, “ these raw recruits
Have given me a grand idea ;
I’ve learned far more from their stuffed boots
Than e’er I learned from ancient seer.
A new morality I’ll found ;
The alphabet ’twill supersede.
The A, B, C makes sin abound,
Pure-minded folks protection need :
The naughty word chalked on our walls
Contaminates our minds, and innocence appals.

IX.

“ Were there no letters in the land,
No naughty words would meet the eye,
And men would better understand
By nature common decency.
Mark these robust unlettered men ;
I’ll drill them by Dame Nature’s law,
And though they cannot guide a pen
I’ll guide them by a wisp of straw.
Now, Zigzaggerus, behold
How these poor raw recruits will do what they are told.”

X.

An awkward squad of rustics they
As drilling-master ever saw.
When to the right, the Prince cried, "Hay!"
When to the left, the Prince cried, "Straw!"
"Heads-up!"—alas! it could not be:
Their eyes were all bent on the ground,
Each had his hay and straw to see
Ere he to right or left wheeled round;
And when the Prince cried, "Stand at ease!"
In looking at their boots they twisted in their knees.

XI.

To Zigazaggerus 'twas fun,
Although he looked profoundly grave,
To see the rustics with a gun;
He had no doubt they all were brave—
Brave with their fists and hob-nailed boots—
But of a gun what did they know?
He'd often seen them try to shoot,
But always miss, the rook and crow;
They thrashed their oats with a good will,
To thrash their foes they'd have to learn to shoot and kill.

XII.

In time the Prince, by tact and skill,
And wisps of hay and wisps of straw,
Made his recruits go through their drill,
Until they were prepared for war;
And nightly through the ancient town,
With pandean-pipes and showman's drum,
The gallant soldiers marched around,
The girls, as usual, cried, "They come!"
Peace reigned in palace and in cot—
These men would shoot their foes or by themselves be shot.

XIII.

War was at length declared, and then,
In regimentals grand and new,
Came forth as fine a set of men
As the war-demon ever knew ;
And though they could not read nor write,
Each understood a well-stuffed boot ;
And if they knew not left from right,
They all could shut their eyes and shoot ;
And while they had their straw and hay,
Whate'er the Prince commanded they would all obey.

XIV.

The Prince told-off threescore of lads
As "rights" and "lefts" to his recruits.
Their duty was to fill the pads
With hay and straw for all the boots.
They were the brain-force of the corps,
They knew the left leg from the right,
They knew their drill and something more ;
Without them none would move to fight,—
They were the legs, and arms, and eyes
That moved the army on to meet their enemies.

XV.

Their mettle now was to be tried ;
War was declared, and they must fight.
They kept, it cannot be denied,
Their powder dry and bayonets bright.
They marched full twenty miles or more
To deal their enemies a blow.
Weary and worn, and quite footsore,
Then home they marched, yet saw no foe.
Right glad were they when they got back
To make the donkeys' common their first bivouac.

XVI.

Each tired soldier bold and brave
On stone and turf laid down his head.
No sound was heard among them, save
Their own hard breathing. Now, 'twas said
That Zigazaggerus the sprite
Was brewing mischief in his mind,
Nor rested he the long dark night.
No devil in a gale of wind
E'er wrought such havoc as he when
He sent a drove of donkeys in among the men.

XVII.

The hungry beasts first smelt, then saw
Much better fodder than rank grass ;
The new-mown hay and barley straw
Were luxuries to the poor ass.
Whilst sound they slept, the brave recruits—
So sound, 'twould seem they all were dead—
The donkeys feasted on their boots,
Nor were they ever better fed ;
And when they'd eaten straw and hay,
By way of saying grace each donkey gave a bray.

XVIII.

The showman seized his pipes and drum
And in affright sprang to his feet ;
"Wake up !" he cried, "they come ! they come !"
He'd dreamt of battle and defeat.
Each ass brayed louder than before ;
The troops sat up and rubbed their eyes ;
Their wits were lost in the uproar,
They cried, "Here be our enemies !
And where be gone our hay and straw,
And Coggershallignitus in this bloody war ?

XIX.

“Where be you, mates? get up and fight!”
“Why, we be here; and here be foes,”
They cried, as they struck left and right,
And dealt each other fearful blows.
Confusion reigned—the night was dark;
The men got mixed in the affray,
They saw not, but they hit the mark—
Right manfully they fought away,
And cried, “Come on, if this be war;”
The donkeys saw the joke and brayed, “Hee-haw! Hec-haw!”

XX.

The Prince rode up in great dismay
To disentangle his recruits;
He cried aloud, “Eyes straw! eyes hay!
Attention, men, look to your boots!”
They heard him not, but blow for blow
They punched each others’ heads—alas!
With blackened eyes and bloody nose,
In one confused and solid mass,
They hit and kicked and fought away;
Nor did the battle cease until the break of day.

XXI.

Knocked out of shape was every face—
’Twas worthy of a better cause.
Alas! how oft, too, ’tis the case
With donkey-statesmen whose hee-haws
Disturb the peace of Europe and
Set the whole world ablaze! Alas,
That kingdoms e’er should fall or stand
By the loud braying of an ass!
And quasi-ethicalists may
Be disconcerted by a jackass’s bray.

XXII.

The best devised scheme often fails ;
 Beauties in theories oft we find ;
Like windmills waiting for their sails
 They'd work if they had sails and wind.
The gas-balloon, too, will ascend
 To navigate the azure blue ;
Aeronauts say what they intend,
 But what they say they seldom do ;
If they could only change the wind
Ballooning would be very useful to mankind.

XXIII.

The Prince, he ethically sought
 To found a code of moral laws ;
And in simplicity he thought
 He knew the real and only cause
Of wrong triumphing over right :
 Give to Dame Nature her own way,
Her children she would guide aright,
 Nor would they ever from her stray ;
Hence his idea of hay and straw
To teach his raw recruits the glorious art of war.

XXIV.

The idea was unique and good,
 If donkeys had not intervened
And eaten the idea for food ;
 And Zigazaggerus, the fiend,
Had not seen in the scheme a flaw
 That would not stand the test of sense ;
The demon knew while moral law
 Ran counter to human propense ;
The propense of a braying ass
Was to prefer good hay and straw to stunted grass

XXV.

Prince Coggershallignitus knew
His principles right in the main,
They were all ethically true
And he would work them o'er again ;
Ethics would not agree with war,
They harmonized more with the dove ;
There was no base in hay or straw—
The base of Ethics must be love ;
For forty years he'd dreamt of this—
It was his grand ideal—his great hypothesis.

XXVI.

"Life's not worth living without love ;
With love, how pleasant 'tis to live.
Behold the little cooing dove,
Who lives for love and loves to give
Her own love, while she drinks love in—
She takes her fill of love at ease,
Without the fear of shame or sin,
And lives for pleasure and to please !
Mankind should imitate the dove ;
Morality is based on pleasure and on love."

XXVII.

Thus spake the Prince, and counsel took
Of Zigazaggerus the sprite ;
Not that the scientist would brook
A contradiction—but 'twas right
That wise men should agree with his
Great ideal scheme to bless mankind.
This was his grand hypothesis—
The evolution of the mind ;
The supernatural, he knew,
With love and pleasure had not anything to do ;

XXVIII.

Nor virtue—who has virtue seen
Without a chill from her cold face ?
She was a rigid go-between
Of dogmas and the human race.
If earthly pleasures were the test
Of virtue and what priests call vice,
Vice would be morally the best,
And virtue, priestly prejudice ;
When vice gives pleasure, virtue pain,
Virtue should abdicate her throne and vice should reign.

XXIX.

And what is conscience but a ghou!,
A sorry thing by custom bred ?
'Tis like the mystic thing called soul ;
And of them both it may be said,
They are usurpers of the mind,
Not indigenous—each a cheat
Imported to deceive mankind
And human happiness defeat ;
A troubled conscience would soon cease
If man thought more of love, of pleasure, and of peace.

XXX.

Look at the busy little bee
Coquetting with the flowers of May !
The sweets of life are his, and he
Dreams not of a great judgment day
To damn for ravishing a rose ;
From every flower he nectar sips,
His glad heart humming as he goes,
And then in blossoms deep he dips
Until he's filled from head to feet
With ravishments of love and spoils of honey sweet.

XXXI.

The right and wrong of which men prate
Should be reversed in daily life ;
The love and joy, and pain and hate,
And envy, happiness, and strife
Are so mixed in the human mind
That readjustments must be made
Ere life's worth living to mankind ;
The world needs scientific aid
To make new morals and to place
Sweet pleasures within reach of all the human race.

XXXII.

" Ah ! Zigazaggerus, you know
Whene'er I fix upon a scheme,
Be it of high import, or low,
And though e'en scientists may deem
Me foolish or extremely wise,
I'll work my scheme without advice,
Not caring for celebrities,
Nor their opinions or caprice ;
The morals of the world are wrong,
To set those morals right I've laboured hard and long.

XXXIII.

" Now, Zigazaggerus, be true
To Coggershallignitus, and
No counsellor of his like you
Shall be exalted in the land.
An Agapemone we'll found,
To prove upon a smaller scale
My grand hypothesis is sound,
And for high morals 'twill not fail,
But modify your great extremes,
Or else you will perchance destroy my whole life's dreams.

XXXIV.

“My palace, the abode of love,
I will make o’er for public use ;
But all my people must approve
Our home of love, and not abuse
Platonic communistic bliss.
Go seek the lovable, and those
Of lusty life ; remember this,
We value not our subjects’ clothes,
But health, and cheerfulness, and grace,
A perfect form withal, and a bright, comely face.

XXXV.

“Labour is rest, and toil is sweet,
When true love is the motive force ;
The sluggard and the drone will meet
With no reception here, of course.
’Tis strong life only we’ll receive,
The life which can most pleasure give ;
The full-developed most can please,
And with them we prefer to live.
Perfection of the sexes is
The very basis of my great hypothesis.

XXXVI.

“My palace gardens, alcoves, glades,
And mossy banks, and shady trees,
Are places where young men and maids
Might learn the art of how to please ;
With such incentives, they would find
Pure love exchanging, they’d drink joy
Where ’twould be moral to be kind,
And quite immoral to be coy ;
Nor would they run into extremes,—
Platonic’ly they’d dwell only on moral themes.”

XXXVII.

Zigazaggerus winked his eye,
Coughed, blew his nose, and then he sneezed ;
With joy the false one seemed to cry,
No demon e'er was better pleased
Than he when he cried, " Gracious Prince !
Thy servant hath found in thine eyes
Much favour ; oh, then trust him, since
Thou hast revealed great mysteries !
Thy servant swears to help thy schemes,
Nor will his over-zeal run him into extremes."

XXXVIII.

Pleasures of Hope was then the news-
Paper the Prince did patronise ;
Nor did the editor refuse
The " Home of Love " to advertise,
Where comely lads and modest maids
At ease might roam 'neath shady trees,
And fraternise in silent glades,
To learn the art how best to please,
Which would dispel the awful curse
Imposed on man.—The strange advertisement ran thus :—

XXXIX.

" Wanted for the Abode of Love
A thousand men and maidens who
Would join, conform to, and approve
Of Communism strictly true.
The advertiser will engage
To furnish perfect earthly bliss
For all who are of proper age.
None need presume to answer this
Who are not loving, have not grace,
A perfect form withal, and a bright, comely face.

XL.

" It must be clearly understood
Drones will not be allowed to dwell
Amongst the busy commune-hood.
All applicants must quite excel
In science, handicraft, or art ;
The wealthy must their riches share,
The proud with all distinctions part,
And love and courtships must be fair.
Communications must be sent
To Zigazaggerus,—and mark them 'Confident.' "

XLI.

As pleasures are preferred to pain,
And wrong to right, and bad to good,
The gay and thoughtless tried to gain
Admission to the commune-hood.
No need was there for more than one
Advertisement to meet the case,—
In fact, the thing was overdone
With applicants to fill the place ;
They knew not that the Prince would test
Their moral antecedents, and select the best.

XLII.

The Prince had not the taste nor will
To try experiments on crime.
He had a "vacuum to fill,"
And that would take him all his time.
And Zigazaggerus did not
Attempt at intervention, since,
With such a heterogeneous lot,
In time he'd circumvent the Prince ;
The vacuum he'd help to fill—
At least, he would pretend on it to use his skill.

XLIII.

The Agapemone domain
Was charming, picturesque, and great,
And all who did admittance gain
Passed through the optimistic gate.
No pessimist could enter there,
To spread contagion and disease ;
It would not do—they loved despair—
In Hades they'd be more at ease ;
That is, if there be such a place,
Where they by burning could grow wings to fly through space.

XLIV.

E'en then at distant worlds they'd call,
To search for sorrow and for pain ;
They'd barter all their sweets for gall,
Just to enjoy their griefs again.
But if these pessimists should meet
In other worlds a happier race,
They'd shake the dust from off their feet,
And wing their way again through space ;
Through black immensity they'd soar
Away from hope and the "well-done" for evermore.

XLV.

What has morality to do
With sighs, and groans, and weeping eyes,
With dogmas old and dogmas new,
And penitence and dismal cries ?
Nature has boundless stores of joy,
But she'll not barter joy for grief.
Her currency has no alloy,
And of her mediums love's the chief.
Then live to love, and love to live,
And the love Nature gives to you to others give.

XLVI.

Love is of Ethics the key-stone,
And of all morals 'tis the base ;
Remove love—morals are o'erthrown,
And this bright world is face to face
With creatures full of discontent,
Upon whom rests an awful blight ;
And in whom there is strangely blent
Both good and bad, and wrong and right.
And why is this? What is the cause?
Dame Nature says it is because men break her laws.

XLVII.

Thus spake the philosophic Prince,
A Solomon in wisdom,—he
Tried logic to help him convince
The pessimists and make them see
Man had himself alone to blame.
And when they saw it, then he sighed,
And Zigazaggerus cried "Shame!"
Ah! Prince this cannot be denied :
If 'twixt the sexes grew more love
The morals of mankind would very soon improve.

XLVIII.

Alas! the Prince had by his side
His evil genius and his curse ;
One who knew how to flatter pride—
This did not matter—what was worse,
He instilled subtle poison in
The Prince's Ethics, which anon
We'll find transformed to deadly sin.
A greater triumph was not won
By Lucifer when Adam fell,
And made this holy earth a training-school for hell.

XLIX.

If some phrenological friend
Had Plato's head examined well,
And he the synopsis had penned,
We moralists could better tell
The meaning of platonic love.
No doubt the ancient heathen sage
Had reasons why he could approve,
And with impunity engage
In loves where weaker men would fall.
Alas! pure love's restraint Nature gives not to all.

L.

Be this, however, as it may,
We're taught in the new-ethic school
'Tis virtuous to go astray
If happiness 'twould make the rule.
Now Zigazaggerus well knew
The weak points in the Prince's scheme;
His morals were like Plato's too,
And his proclivities 'twould seem.
He physically could do no wrong,
Which made his morals pure and 'gainst temptation strong.

LI.

"For one good Plato in the world
Ten naughty Solomon's are found,
Who have the purest morals hurled
Into the dirt, and trampled down.
Compare not Plato with the Jew,
Nor make the Jew a moral guide
(The foul fiend laughed, and said, 'I do,'
But what he said, he said aside).
These Solomons and priestly creeds
Have down through all the ages sown immoral seeds.

LII.

“ Now, Zigazaggerus, my friend,
For mankind we will try our Code
Of Ethics, which will far transcend
All others, and our ‘love’s abode’
In future ages all will know,
And recognise, too, as the source
Whence pure morality did flow,
Laden with blessings in its course,
To bless Dame Nature’s favoured race
So long as this bright world maintains her sidereal place.”

LIII.

As merry as a marriage bell,
As joyous as a skylark’s song,
The Prince’s scheme of pleasure fell
Among the gay and happy throng.
Nor did they change their mode of life
Whilst working in the world outside ;
Excepting gross immoral strife
Which was to them, of course, denied.
Each worked at his or her own trade,
Nor was their labour shirked by bachelor nor maid.

LIV.

The man of law prepared his brief
In chambers in the Home of Love ;
The man of wealth made love his chief
Employment, like the cooing dove ;
The man of art was pleased to find
Such darling lovely models in
The women, who were all so kind
To sit without a thought of sin.
The bard and man of letters too
Found inspiration in whate’er they had to do.

LV.

Love an incentive is to work—
There are exceptions to the rule :
The idle and licentious Turk
Who smokes and dreams of love—the fool
Knows naught of pure platonic bliss.
'Tis quite outside his nature to
Receive or give a holy kiss ;
Nor has he faith in those who do.
Harems and Agapemones,
From the Turk's point of view, are mortal enemies.

LVI.

The Turk's harem is for himself,
He praises Allah for his wives.
With failing nerves, and shattered health,
And crutches, he sometimes contrives
To see them and to play the fool.
He wants not their sweet love to-day,
But wants them to prepare his gruel ;
And whilst he's spooning to display
To him their usual blandishment ;
And then he hobbles back, and thinks they're all content.

LVII.

In Agapemone pure love
Was equalised, all had their share ;
Of nothing less would they approve,
No modicums of love were there.
A hundred women for one man
Might please a Solomon or Turk ;
But ever since the world began
The thing was never known to work.
Those who transgress Dame Nature's rules,
Are by Dame Nature made something far worse than fools.

LVIII.

“The harmonies of Nature then
Shall Alpha and Omega be,
With all my maidens and my men
In the good Agapemone.”
Thus spake the Prince, and orders gave
For concerts and for fancy balls ;
Nor would he for a moment save
Expense in building lecture halls.
Art, science, literature, and love,
Were things of which the sensuous and good would all
approve.

LIX.

Oh, 'twas a pleasant sight! to see
The rich uniting with the poor !
To hear the charming melody
Of science, art, and literature,
Concerting with platonic love
In one continuous pleasing flow.
Mystics might talk of heaven above,
But this was perfect heaven below.
The Prince was sure his scheme in time
Would quite abolish woe, and every human crime.

LX.

The brothers wore their evening clothes
When all their daily toil was done ;
The sisters wore low dress and bows,
And had a smile for every one.
Pleasure possessed the gladsome throng—
For grief a kill-joy had no chance—
Whilst some enjoyed a merry song,
Others whirled through the giddy dance ;
And in a round of perfect bliss
They supplemented joy with a platonic kiss.

LXI.

Thus were not arts and sciences
Forgotten in the Home of Love.
The ethical appliances
Which were provided to improve
The physical and mental man,
And woman too, were nightly used.
All were agreed in every plan,
And each selected what he choosed.
To see the model girl disrobe
Was to the sculptor youth a pleasant episode.

LXII.

"Honi soit qui mal y pense" had
The Prince's motto ever been.
Nature when nude was never bad,
Impure, uncommon, or obscene ;
The impure was the bad intent
To cause in others grief and pain ;
"But in my moral government
Untrammelled purity shall reign,"
Said the good philosophic Prince
In his terse logic and his well-known eloquence.

LXIII.

The Prince on a high rostrum had
Stood up to give a lecture on
Things that were wrong and that were bad.
He said he felt compelled to don
His college robes and learning too,—
'Twould help him to impress the mind
With what was false and what was true.
In all the theories of mankind
Foul was the sacerdotal curse
That turned good into bad, and then bad into worse.

LXIV.

“ Dame Nature gave us eyes to see,
And ears to hear, and hands to feel ;
Senses, whate’er those senses be,
She gave us to make her ideal
Of sentient love, felicity.
What said old priestcraft ?—ah ! forsooth,
If man knocked out his brother’s eye,
Or did by chance knock out a tooth,
Why, knock that man’s eye out, of course ;
By knocking two eyes out you deify brute force.

LXV.

“ Alas ! what schemes some men devise
To raise the morals of the race !
Man they cajole, and then chastise,
Then they exalt him, then debase,
Then they pet him till he’s callous,
With expectation on the stretch,
And then—well, then on the gallows
His moral teacher is ‘ Jack Ketch.’
And now they shudder at his goal,
And whilst they kill his body, pray for his poor soul.

LXVI.

“ In prayer all Christians are *au fait*,
But morally ’tis *infra dig.*
In sin to fatten, then to slay
A man, as they would kill a pig.
Better destroy the cause of sin,
And with their love the man defend.
But pious people all begin
With prayer for some poor souls to mend,
When souls are quite past mending ; they
Should try and kill the blight that makes such souls decay.

LXVII.

“The whipping-post and gallows-tree
Are remnants of a barbarous age ;
The time’s at hand when they’ll not be
Allowed by either saint or sage ;
The sage will study Nature’s laws,
The saint the ethics of the mind,
And Evolution will show cause
Why pleasure should possess mankind.
Pleasure’s a lever that will raise
The morals of the race into a perfect blaze.”

LXVIII.

Said Zigazaggerus, “Hear, hear !”
“Don’t interrupt me,” said the Prince.
“My metaphor was not quite clear ;
Such a mistake I’ve not made since
I was at college. What I meant,
The mind by pleasure would be freed
From dogmas and from discontent,
And from all sacerdotal greed,
And men would love and be beloved
Without the fear of being by the priest reproved.”

LXIX.

The Prince was weak and foggy here,
But soon he struck his theme again ;
His logic was incisive, clear,
And penetrated to the brain.
No criticism could he brook
In morals, writing, or in speech—
“’Tis my idea, and ’tis my book,
And am I not *au fait* in each ?
Here’s my hypothesis. O’erthrow it ?
I dare you ! ’Tis invulnerable, you know it.

LXX.

With all his weakness he was great
(Order was called now from the chair).
The Prince resumed : " It is my fate—
But what is fate ? I'm not aware
That fate is in the realms of mind ;
Custom is really so absurd
With me, as well as all mankind,
Or I should not have used the word—
It is my work, I should have said,
To make a moral code ; the old code's nearly dead.

LXXI.

" The supernatural will cease :
Its work on earth is nearly o'er ;
And Nature's morals will increase
And evolve on for evermore."
Said Zigazaggerus, " Hear, hear."
" Ah," cried the Prince, " this must not be—
There's irony in that last cheer,
Some superstitious devilry ;
Mischief is in it, there's no doubt,
And if 'tis heard again, we'll turn the brother out.

LXXII.

" But to proceed. I do not say
The supernatural's done harm ;
But 'tis effete, it's had its day,
And has well-nigh lost all its charm.
Begotten in the savage mind
By some vague superstitious dread,
Its mystic influence on mankind
Helped it in every land to spread ;
Good in itself, though a fable,
It has been used for crimes the most execrable.

LXXIII.

“ Man’s schemes have no cohesion in
Them without superadded will ;
Such is the power of innate sin
To make all human effort nil,
Ethics lack super-Nature’s aid.
In innate sin I don’t believe—
’Tis priestcraft’s only stock-in-trade,”
Said the wise Prince, “ made to deceive
The world, and fill it full of strife,
Whilst priests themselves grow fat upon immoral life.

LXXIV.

“ There’s no cohesion in a myth,
In the intangible unseen,
In a ‘ perhaps ’ or in an ‘ if,’
Or in what has not ever been ;
Nor fear of morals dying when
With earthly pleasures they are blent.
When men are filled with love, where then
Would be the room for discontent ?
When love in man becomes supreme,
Worth living life will be, and not a horrid dream.”

LXXV.

Said Zigazaggerus, “ Hear, hear ! ”
“ I’ve heard that cheer,” the Prince said, “ thrice ;
To me it don’t ring quite sincere.”
“ If sin is naughty, it is—nice,”
Screamed the same voice, ’midst great uproar.
The women laughed, and cried, “ For shame ! ”
Then laughed they louder than before.
“ Whom,” cried the Prince, “ have I to blame ?
We have here undetected vice ;
Who called out so ironically that word ‘ nice ? ’ ”

LXXVI.

Ventriloquism had no fear
Of being detected—he knew well
Who made his voice move far and near,
That no one in the room could tell
Whence the word came or who had spoke ;
The fiend in black art did excel,
And to him 'twas the greatest joke
To hold the meeting in his spell ;
And to turn the most moral theme
To ridicule, and make it most immoral seem.

LXXVII.

“I rise, friends, to resume the thought—
If sin is naughty it is through
The sinner being early taught
That ‘super-Nature’ is all true
And ‘simple Nature’ is all false ;
That he is really born in sin
And shapen in—you know what else ;
With this heirloom he’s to begin
To fight ’gainst evil for the truth,
With the odds, too, in favour of the de’il, forsooth !

LXXVIII.

“E’en when he scarcely walks—at least
When still he from the bottle feeds,
He’s sought for by each anxious priest
Who represents a thousand creeds ;
Who say they’re soldiers bound to fight
Their way to reach some mystic goal ;
And each one thinks he has the right
To storm the little baby’s soul ;
With tears they say ’tis their desire
To snatch the baby’s soul from an eternal fire.”

LXXIX.

"I rise to order," said a youth ;

"I came among you a free man,
As a free man I'll fight for truth "

(Now through the room a murmur ran)—

"But let me disabuse your mind ;

The interruptions you have heard—

I never strike a foe behind—

Were not from me, I give my word.

I wish to ask some questions, sir,

Which, by your gracious leave, my conscience won't defer.

LXXX.

"For your 'Nature'-hypothesis

You've founded this 'true-love's abode ;'

If you'll define what 'Nature' is

I will define, then, what is God.

You talk of mystics and of myths,

Of the intangible, unseen,

And baseless theories based on 'ifs ;'

Now, tell me what you really mean

By scientific morals, sir,

For to your logical conclusions I demur ?

LXXXI.

"Your theory on platonic love

Is over sweet, has too much spice ;

Nor with old age will it improve,

'Tis over-done and far too nice

To raise the morals of the race.

I've seen as much since I've been here

To prove to me that 'twill debase

The world and foul the atmosphere

Of this your model 'love's abode,'

Where you would fain raise Nature to the throne of God.

LXXXII.

“If passions were the only guide
Of morals ; on life’s devious way
What test would you have to decide
Right conduct? Would you have men stray
Into their neighbour’s field and seize
The tender ewe lambs from the fold?
Because their passions they would please,
And their own ewes, at home, are old ;
There is no God to say them nay,
When pleasure bids them throw their poor old ewes away.”

LXXXIII.

“Come, sir, upon the platform, since
You’ve put your question fairly well,”
Said the wise, philosophic Prince ;
“But, sir, you into error fell
When you supposed we had no test
For morals in the home of love.
Some say, ‘Whatever is, is best ;’
Of this I scarcely can approve.
If so, whate’er is worse, is worst ;
When men are only good for fear of being accurst.

LXXXIV.

“’Tis only Nature that can bind
The race with morals based on love ;
She bids her children not to mind
The things unseen which are above
The reason which to them she gives,
She says, ‘Behold my bounteous store !’
And naught upon the earth that lives
Need ask the unseen gods for more ;
No unseen God my work can mend,
I’m first, and I’m the last, in me all live and end.

LXXXV.

“ Nature is greater than a myth
And kinder than the Christian’s God ;
How equally she scattereth
Over her own terrene abode
Mercies to men—no matter if
They are ungrateful, still she gives ;
And still she ever scattereth
For all, and bids each thing that lives
To eat and drink and pleasure keep
Until she calls it home to an eternal sleep.

LXXXVI.

“ Then take the pleasures of to-day,
Perhaps to-morrow you may die ;
The supernaturalists all may
Enjoy their tears, and groan, and sigh,
And tell their God they love their grief ;
And as they were all born in sin,
And of all sinners they’re the chief,
May thank Him they’ve a crown to win ;
And for that crown beyond the skies
All happiness on earth they blindly sacrifice.

LXXXVII.

“ Nature is no exacting God,
But kind and merciful she is ;
For her I’ve founded love’s abode—
She gave me my hypothesis.
On her eternal law I’ll raise
A new religion for the race ;
To her mankind shall offer praise,
And o’er the earth in every place
Men will adore her, live at ease,
Drink the sweet joys of life, and do whate’er they please.

LXXXVIII.

“ Look at the little ants—not three
Can live together without love ;
Self-interest makes them all agree
And of each other’s ways approve.
’Tis union that creates their trust,
And trust is the essential germ
Of morals, which is seen at first
In what we moralists all term
Their oneness in their wish to live ;
And commutatively in love they take and give.

LXXXIX.

“ The lioness, she loves her whelp ;
The eagle loves her eaglets too ;
Do these need super-Nature’s help
To make their loving instincts true ?
The mother gives her child the breast,
The child sucks in the mother’s joy,
And each are satisfied and blest ;
And thus the mother and the boy
By mutual satisfaction prove
The highest morals on the earth are based on love.

XC.

“ The moral union of the two—
Filial and maternal joy—
Would make innate perceptions true.
No factor else would they employ
To guide them in the way of right ;
Their intuitions would define
Incentives and deterrents quite
Well to help draw the moral line ;
Which would diverge from pain and strife
And open out the way into a higher life.

XCI.

“ You cannot find a truer test
Of morals than ‘ pleasure and pain ;’
Those precepts you must own the best—
That touch the senses through the brain.
Call them passions—what you will—
Indulgences, innate desires,
They are high morals to fulfil
The work which Nature most requires.
When Nature prompts she is the cause,
From her there’s no appeal, you must obey her laws.”

XCII.

“ Oh, foolish Prince, and yet how wise !”
Said Eruditus, the brave youth,
“ Thy truth, O Prince, is mixed with lies,
’Tis turned and twisted, that, forsooth,
No one could separate the two
Without polluting his own soul ;
They’re so alike, the false and true,
One must accept or damn the whole.
Thy theory’s weak, good, bad, and strong—
So philosophic too, though logically wrong.”

XCIII.

“ Man is an animal—no more,”
Thou sayest, “ and right conduct is
Worked out by Evolution ; or,
If truth’s in thy hypothesis,
The morals of men are evolved
By Nature from the mother’s breast ;
And thus the mother’s milk hath solved,
By a most wise and simple test,
The great problem of right and wrong,
Which must, of course, to other animals belong.”¹

¹ Mr. Herbert Spencer describes the highest instance of right conduct

XCIV.

"A pig's an animal all o'er—
At least such was my father's sow;
She suckled ten small pigs or more,
And yet her morals were somehow,
E'en for a pig, not very high.
Though morals flowed from every teat
She had not the most moral sty;
Nor was she in herself a whit
Better than the most barren sow
That only lives to eat and wallow in the slough.

XCV.

"If man's an animal—no more;
A pig's an animal—no less;
No logic can your facts ignore,
Then why not honestly confess
(Although it may be '*infra dig*'
To name the thing to ears polite)
The highest virtue's with the pig,
She nurtures ten young pigs aright.
How philosophic 'tis of you
To prove more morals flow from ten teats than from two!

as being witnessed in a mother suckling a child, because in this act is exhibited, at the same time, the gratification of the mother and the satisfaction of the appetite of the child—a satisfaction which accompanies the furtherance of growth and increasing enjoyment. As he treats man simply as the last of the evolutionary series of animals, his test of right and wrong is the same in regard to the most evolved animal man, as it is to the least, and this test is pleasure and pain. Professor Goldwin Smith, referring to this illustration, says, "Inasmuch as Mr. Spencer is cut off from any appeal to human morality essentially distinct from that of all animals, this highest instance of right conduct might as well be exemplified in the relaxation of a cow suckling a calf. But neither of these illustrations appear to be the

XCVI.

“The struggle for existence is
To evolutionists most true,
And by your own hypothesis
This doctrine is upheld by you,
And made the basis of your scheme ;
And by an antithesis, then
Yourself you contradict and deem
Life’s struggle must all cease with men,
And war and bickering and strife ;
Your new Ethics can never lead to higher life.

XCVII.

“When scientists thus disagree
And get entangled with ideas ;
Can the unscienced set them free
And put them in their proper spheres ?
Is Evolution wrong or right ?
Or thy *Data of Ethics*, Prince ?
Or dost thou think to quench the light
Of Darwin ; or perhaps convince
Mankind that since the world began
Of all the human race thou art the wisest man ?

highest exemplification of such right conduct, which is witnessed most perfectly in a sow suckling her numerous progeny, since there we see exhibited the perfection of the elements of morality as defined by Mr. Spencer—viz., the gratification of the mother sow ; the satisfaction not of one, as in the case of a woman or the cow, but of many animals, with the accompanying furtherance in them of life and growth, and also increasing enjoyment. Thus, in accordance with the principles of the new philosophy of Mr. Spencer, which appear to have been sanctioned by Mr. Darwin, the most perfect instance of morality is evidenced by a swine, and to be witnessed in a sty.”—Francis Peake, in *Contemporary Review*, June 1882.

XCVIII.

“Thy observations are at fault,
Theories thou knowest, not mankind ;
Deaf to all else, thou wilt not halt
On thy false way, for thou art blind.
To tell the race there is no God ;
To tell men, too, that thou wilt rule
The moral world without a rod,
And that thou wilt raise up a school
To supersede a mystic law
In which in thy great wisdom thou hast found a flaw.

XCIX.

“If by thy science thou couldst test
The Being of my God,—why then
No God He'd be to me ; at best
He'd be as fallible as men.
Thy God thou canst not see nor feel,
Nor weigh Him in thy tiny scales ;
So in thy scientific zeal
Thou tellest to the race, “He fails
To be a God, He's but a myth
Before which all mankind bow down and worshippingeth.

C.

“There is a God, His law is pure,
It changeth not, 'tis God's own will ;
'Tis very God, and will endure
Till He His purposes fulfil
On a most disobedient race.
As well pluck with thy puny hand
A planet from its sidereal place,
Or count each tiny grain of sand
Embanked around the great sea-shore,
As to escape thy God, or His great works ignore.

CI.

“In Him thou dost both live and move ;
Hast thou a doubt, and dost thou dare
With impious will attempt to prove
He liveth not? Alas! beware!
Nor try with Him to cross a sword,
Nor challenge Him unto the fight.
Beware! I say, and heed my word ;
Thy day is waning, death’s dark night
Is closing round thee—the clay clod
Thou wilt soon leave behind and stand before thy God.

CII.

“If I am arbitrary, Prince,
’Tis thou, remember, that invades
The domain of my faith, and since
He whom thou dost deny pervades
My being and my instinct’s touch—
Which is as palpable to me
As science is to thee—and such
Are my convictions. I’m not free
To keep my tongue in silence when
Thou makest science take the place of God with men.”

CIII.

When Eruditus, the brave youth,
Sat down midst hisses and applause,
The Prince arose, and said, “Forsooth!
Who is this youth who hath shown cause
That I should be condemned to death,
And to cast off my own clay clod,
That my poor liberated breath
May stand before a mystic God?
Can God give form and substance too
To man’s breath and himself? This science cannot do.

CIV.

"His logic is outside the court
Of reason ; where can he show cause
For making aught from out of naught,
And to reverse all Nature's laws ?
We know both flesh and bone and sense,
But spirit is to us unknown ;
The supernatural propense
Of all mankind we freely own
Will be to us most hard to move ;
Still we cannot accept what science does not prove."

CV.

Said Zigazaggerus, "I move
A vote of thanks to our wise Prince ;
'Tis not for me to try to prove
His logical conclusions, since
Of all the scientific men
Now living, or of those long dead,
None spoke so well, or used the pen,
Or the world's thought so wisely led
As he ; and scientists all own
No philosophic Prince so well deserves his crown."

CVI.

With acclamations thanks were passed
To Coggershallignitus ; and
As Zigazaggerus had classed
The Prince the first in all the land
In ethics and in science too,
The Prince arose and humbly said,
"I don't feel flattered, as 'tis true
Of moralists I am the head ;
Biologists are all agreed
In moral science I alone should take the lead."

CVII.

“And now I’ll bid you all adieu,
As I must cross the stormy sea;
And I will take a word from you,
If you’ll deliver one to me
For young Columbia, who’ll rejoice
To have your greeting and your love.
Doctors Van Denslow and Fitz-Boyce
Are coming here, and they will prove
The most advanced agnostics, who
Will fill my vacant place and well instruct you too.”

CVIII.

Said Zigazaggerus, “We send
With thee our greeting ’cross the sea
To all who free-love will defend
And raise an Agapemone.
Doctors Van Denslow and Fitz-Boyce
Will have a hearty welcome here:
Of all agnostics they’re our choice;
For we, like them, are all sincere
Free-thinkers, and we’ll all rejoice
To welcome to our home Van Denslow and Fitz-Boyce.”

CIX.

The men and maidens, one and all,
Shook hands and wished the Prince good-bye;
Then dressed they for the fancy ball
To spend the night right merrily.
The belles and beaux all dressed with taste,
And all appeared on pleasure bent;
No throng e’er looked so bright and chaste
Or with themselves seemed more content;
Eyes looked in eyes all through the dance
With more love than should be in a platonic glance.

CX.

He who is dead to music sweet
And to a lovely woman's glance ;
Who turns his back on pretty feet
As they whirl through the mazy dance ;
Who hears, unmoved, the silvery ring
Of her bright laugh without a sigh,
He's the earth's most repulsive thing—
A wretch not fit to live or die ;
He'd fatten on intrigue and strife,
And should in some dark dungeon be immured for life.

.

CXI.

Alas ! when will the Prince return ?
For five long years he's been away ;
None need much 'cuteness to discern
His ethic-scheme is in decay ;
Doctors Van Denslow and Fitz-Boyce,
With Zigazaggerus supreme,
Have left the communists no choice
But to accept the most extreme
Agnostics for their moral guide—
Who say 'twixt right and wrong their passions must decide.

CXII.

Too long had the "gospel of work"
Been preached to them ;—were they to blame
If they like the luxurious Turk
Could live without a sense of shame ?
The "gospel of laxation" would
Make life worth living, sensuous ease
Would be to purpose understood,
If whilst they tried their best to please
They could their passions all employ,
And by indulgence reach the climax of each joy.

CXIII.

The lecture hall again was filled
To hear Van Denslow on Free-thought,
His doctrine nightly he instilled
Into young hearts, until he wrought
A moral revolution in
The Prince's Agapemone,
Good manners he so mixed with sin,
And made the two so well agree,
That "love's abode" from virtue fell
Into a most polite and a most cultured hell.

CXIV.

The hall was filled to overflow,
With Zigazaggerus in the chair,
When the agnostic Van Denslow,
In logic terse and reason clear,
Said, "I'm a student of the Prince,
And I will open to your view
The Prince's thoughts, and I'll convince
You where his Ethics are most true;
And where to me, I must confess,
They do not reach the goal of perfect happiness.

CXV.

"The Prince says happiness should be
Of human life the supreme end.
Here with the Prince I quite agree,
And this true gospel I'll defend
With all my intellectual force;
But I go further than the Prince,¹
And say that joy from every source
Is man's by right of heirship, since
All joy dissolves with human breath—
When life is o'er on earth there is eternal death.

¹ The proof of the actual tendency of this philosophy may be

CXVI.

“According to the fool’s belief
We’re moral when we tell the truth,
E’en when the telling entails grief—
Does Nature prove ’tis so? Forsooth!
And that ’tis very wrong to lie,
When she gives us the lying will;
This sickly cant I do deny,
Our faculties are to fulfil
Nature’s behests and make us wise,
And when deceit enjoyment brings we may tell lies.

CXVII.

“In ancient days dwelt in the East
A gourmand who was rich and blind;
He knew the best dish in the feast—
For which in him no fault we find.
Two stalwart sons the old man had,
Besides a wife full of deceit;
One son was good, and one was bad,
But the good son was wise to cheat
His father with a mess of broth,
Which made the eldest son both indignant and wroth.

gathered from the works of one of Mr. Spencer’s most devoted disciples, Dr. Van Denslow, the author of *Modern Thinkers*, a book introduced by Mr. Robert Ingersoll, instanced by Professor Goldwin Smith as being one of the leading agnostics of America. Dr. Van Denslow writes thus:—“According to common opinion it is believed to be moral to tell the truth, and immoral to tell a lie; yet it would be difficult to prove that Nature prefers the true to the false, since Nature endows every animal with the faculty of deception. Why, then, should not men be endowed with the faculty of lying? It is the strong who require the weak to tell the truth, and always to promote some interest of the strong. Again, ‘Thou shalt not steal’ is a moral precept invented by the strong, and by them imposed upon the weak. ‘Thou

CXVIII.

“ Mark the deep cunning of the plan,
On which a moral son was bent
To cheat his father—good old man—
To his own brother's detriment.
When son and mother both conspire
To gain their ends, the battle's won,
E'en o'er a husband and a sire,
A brother and a mother's son ;
Nor can we, as agnostics, blame
The guilty ones, if their own bliss was their sole aim.

CXIX.

“ Life is a scramble, and no more,
For what to wear and drink and eat :
My logic no one can ignore ;
And in the scramble, if we cheat
To get the most of joy and love
For our brief lives, we're only true ;
And if our passions all approve
Of things we for our nature do,
No matter if we cheat and lie,
We only make the most of life's short destiny.

shalt not steal' is in a philosophic sense not a universal law, but a class law. Again, the laws prohibiting unchastity were framed by those who in the earlier periods of civilisation could afford to own women, against the poor, who could not.” Such is the outcome of the morality deduced by modern philosophers from Nature, which is Mr. Spencer and his disciples' guide. That the reasoning is logically correct can hardly be disputed ; Nature being the only teacher, it is impossible to controvert the conclusions of Dr. Van Denslow, for if pleasure and pain are the sole tests of morality, then there is undoubtedly no want of virtue in lying, when pleasure will be the result.—*Contemporary Review*, June 1882, Francis Peake.

CXX.

“This is just what young Jacob did,
Nor did he think his lies a sin ;
He made his venison from a kid,
He lied about the hairy skin ;
He fenced with lies when he foresaw
To cheat his father ’twould be fair ;
He said, ‘ My father, I’m Esau ;
Canst thou not feel thy first-born’s hair ?’
And ne’er did fraud gain higher prize
Than that which Jacob won by his most brazen lies.

CXXI.

“Jacob was true to Nature, and
He was rewarded for his lies ;
And all who Nature understand
Will have no doubt that he was wise.
If he had spoken truth, then he
Would have been what some folks call ‘ good.’
But he was wiser, and could see
Morality, when understood,
Would make the means subserve the end,
Though he lied to his father, and deceived his friend.

CXXII.

“Strong men like weak men to be true,
That they may gull them with their lies ;
And lying Jacob, he well knew
How he could by deception rise ;
He knew that Esau’s strength of bone
Was no match to his own strong mind.
E’en now, one intellect alone,
If strong, can circumvent mankind ;
And circumvention, we can prove,
Has always paid the best in commerce and in love.

CXXIII.

“Of course we should our lies control,
Nor wantonly waste one small cheat;
Lies should be to us as the soul
Of pleasure; and if by deceit
We can enhance enjoyment here,
We should not hesitate to lie.
We know nought of the mystic sphere
Of spiritual felicity—
Such crazy dreams we leave to fools,
And realise the joys of our material schools.

CXXIV.

“’Tis often said, ‘Thou shalt not steal,’
But this command is a class law;
The universal code is real,
For Nature says, ‘Thou shalt,’—what’s more,
She gives the faculty for theft.
If we deny this innate law,
Then no alternative is left
To nations who for loot make war;
They must rise to a point sublime,
And gain the palm on earth for the most damning crime.

CXXV.

“The starving wretch who dares to thief
Is prayed for as one steeped in sin;
Nations steal empires, and receive
Glory amidst the battle’s din;
And for their glory and renown
Some God is thanked, and kings grow great
In morals, and the stolen crown,
’Midst cannons’ firing, pomp, and state,
Is placed on their unsullied brow,
Before which godly men most reverently bow.

CXXVI.

“There’s something rotten in the State
When starving men are made to feel,
As they go through the prison gate,
To save their lives they must not steal.
Their children, too, may starve and die,
And yet to steal they must not dare.
'Tis quite against morality
E’en to expect the rich to share
With starving children the dog’s meat.
Well might a Spencer say our morals are effete.

CXXVII.

“Beneath the surface of free-thought
There runs a current deep and strong,
‘To whom,’ say men, in secret, ‘ought
The world with all its joys belong?’
The rightful owners are mankind,
And brave men will ere long demand
The robbers, whomsoe’er they find,
Who hold the spoiler’s share to stand;
And give back to the race the earth,
Which equally belongs to all by right of birth.

CXXVIII.

“The law of chastity is, too,
A law enacted by the strong;
'Tis class-law, nor need I tell you
Class-laws are nearly always wrong.
In olden times the law of might
Was moral law—’twas wicked in
Men who were weakly to delight
In Nature’s ways, it e’en was sin
For them to look at strong men’s wives;
This mortal sin would cost them then their land and lives.

CXXIX.

“This selfish and obnoxious law
To Nature was enacted when
Women captives were of war,
And held by right of might by men
Whose arrogance no limit had.
They claimed the earth and women too,
And right and wrong, and good and bad,
With justice then had naught to do.
Women were governed by the will
Of rich licentious men ; alas ! they are so still.

CXXX.

“What business had Dame Nature to
Give to poor men a loving heart ;
In olden times ’twas but the few
That had to do with Cupid’s dart.
These ran a quiver through the wing
Of Cupid, and he could not fly ;
Nor could he his love-ditties sing
When held in close captivity.
Still somehow he always contrived
To circumvent the fools, whom he found over-wived.

CXXXI.

“Woman has been in every age
To man a scape-goat or a toy—
The subject of his pride or rage,
His grief, his folly, or his joy.
Herself she’s had no right to own,
The world to her has been a jade
To take her up, to leave alone—
A slave to make or an old maid.
And when her heart o’erflowed with love,
Cruel chastity forbade her eyes or lips to move.

CXXXII.

“ Our modern Ethics will remove
This cruel and most grievous wrong ;
Woman ’twill give the right to love
And knock the fetters from her tongue ;
’Twill take the seal from her sweet lips,
She’ll say and do the thing she will ;
The honey-dew of love she’ll sip
And all kind Nature’s laws fulfil.
To say her nay no one will dare,
And equally with man the joys of life she’ll share.”

CXXXIII.

The bard here in his reverie saw
The Doctor’s scheme had drifted to
Defilement of the moral law ;
He had so mixed the false and true
In such a seeming natural way,
That whilst the “ untrue ” shocked the sense,
The “ true ” no critic could gainsay—
’Twas purely fact and no pretence.
This compound and most subtle theme
Made the bard fall asleep and dream a life-like dream.

CXXXIV.

Van Denslow still he saw and heard
Most earnestly discuss his scheme,
Nor did he lose a point nor word
Whilst he was in his life-like dream.
“ Mark ! ” said the Doctor, “ your Prince will
Tell you my zeal has led you wrong—
Perhaps it has ; and if so, still
The Prince will find Nature’s too strong
For his love-scheme, and he’ll confess
She must have her own way in human happiness.

CXXXV.

“The Prince says many years ’twill take
To perfect his great Ethic-scheme.
Ah me! suppose ’tis a mistake,
An outcome of a good man’s dream,
The race will pay too high a tax
For joys which are so far ahead;
Old will his ‘Ethic Data’ wax,
And billions of the race be dead,
Ere ’twill be found men were not wise
In caring for the joy of future centuries.

CXXXVI.

“Why we should earthly joys forego
For men who on the earth may dwell
When we are dead, I do not know;
My reason says we may as well
Leave future ages to decide
On joys adapted to their time.
If we for them now joys provide
’Tis scarcely likely they would chime
With their ideas of what is best;
Far better we should please ourselves and leave the rest.”¹

¹ As Mr. Spencer and his disciples maintain that man is an animal and no more; and as the only guide to right conduct in an animal is animal sensations, then these, which in men are called passions, must be of necessity man’s only guide. Again, if man’s individuality ceases at death, and as death may come to-morrow, to gratify to the utmost the craving of animal desire must be the wisest course. Altruism, it is true, suggests that by enduring the pain of subduing selfishness and living virtuously we may produce more happiness in a future generation of the race; but this is dependent upon mere chance, and therefore it would be the greatest folly to suffer the certainty of such pain for

CXXXVII.

Down sat the Doctor 'midst applause,
 And Zigazaggerus arose
 And said, "'Twill honour our good cause .
 If I a vote of thanks propose
 To the learned Doctor Van Denslow ;
 And I am sure he'll pardon me—
 For his great tolerance we know—
 If I say I don't quite agree
 With him about the Prince's plan
 Not meeting all the wants of universal man.

CXXXVIII.

"The Prince ne'er said we should deny
 Ourselves the pleasures of to-day,
 In order that posterity,
 Up the long ages far away,
 Might have the joys for them we've wrought.
 His heart is in his ideal scheme,
 Which is with boundless blessings fraught
 For the whole race ; 'tis his life's dream
 To found for man a moral code,
 The counterpart of which is in our 'love's abode.'

the uncertainty of such a chance. The utmost pleasure, while it can be enjoyed, and suicide, when pleasure palls and pain predominates, is the only wise logical deduction, according to Mr. Spencer's premises. For, if chance made man, why should he continue to live when life involves pain? He owes no duty to chance. Chance does not take notice of his actions or care whether he does right or wrong, lives or dies. Then, if this be so, the only wisdom must be to enjoy the present to the utmost, and, if the result be pain, cut it short by the easiest method ; or, to use the inspired word, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die."—*Contemporary Review*, June 1882.

CXXXIX.

“ All human morals are innate,
Possessed alike by all mankind ;
And right and wrong, and love and hate,
Are all subjected to the mind.
Our thoughts and acts and loves are free—
Posterity could have no more—
We do the thing we will, and we
All sacerdotal cant ignore.
We have no fear of God nor man ;
And of the earth's great joys we drink in all we can.

CXL.

“ And the true Gospel which we preach
Is ‘relaxation’ for the race ;
And life's real climax we shall reach—
And it is coming on apace—
When this bright world is in the hand
Of all mankind. Nor rich, nor poor,
Will then be known throughout the land.
Then none shall dare to close the door
Against his neighbour, but approve
Of equal rights in property as well as love.

CXLI.

“ Behold our Agapemone !
'Tis the ideal on a small scale ;
And philosophic men now see
The Prince's Ethics would avail.
This is all imagery of course,
For earth and moon and sun and star ;
And such is their great motor force
No mediocre e'er could mar ;
They combine both effect and cause,
And parallel they run with Nature and her laws.

CXLII.

“E’en now they’ve left their true impress
On all the region round about ;
And candidly, I must confess,
When founded first I had a doubt
If time was ripe for the event.
Results now prove the Prince was right,
And we are all more than content
With prospects so exceeding bright ;
And we have lost the sense of shame ;
And immortality has stamped the Prince’s name.

CXLIII.

“’Tis true we’ve often had a fuss
With mothers seeking truant child,
But this we will not now discuss ;
To linger on a theme so wild
Would be what saints call sin and shame ;
For such a theme would quite destroy
In Agapemone its name—
The blissful home of peace and joy.
The name’s synonymous with love,
Where all the harmonies of Nature live and move.”

CXLIV.

The vote of thanks to Van Denslow
Was carried through with great *éclat* ;
And from the platform and below
Came three-times-three and hip ! hurrah !
The girls in glee said Denslow had
On woman’s rights expounded well ;
The men said they were really glad
The girls for love the truth would tell.
All joyfully then left the hall
To don their grotesque dresses for the evening ball.

CXLV.

That day they had admitted in
The Home of Love a village belle ;
How she, a saint, had mixed with sin,
Or whence she came, no one could tell.
Her beauty, of the rarest type,
Would send with joy a Rembrandt wild ;
In her fine form was seen the ripe
Woman developed in the child.
Men were first ravished by her face,
And then subdued to slaves by her bewitching grace.

CXLVI.

The peach-like blossom of her cheek
Suffused her skin, as crystal clear ;
And when she ope'd her mouth to speak
Two rows of pearl-like teeth would peer
Through two small coral reefs so sly.
Such gems an angel might admire ;
A silken lash fringed each blue eye,
So soft, yet full of latent fire ;
And when she raised a tiny sigh,
The prettiest little pout said, " Kiss me, or I'll die."

CXLVII.

O Cleopatra and sweet Eve,
And Helen too, thou maid of Troy !
Born to be loved, and to deceive
Mankind, and their bright hopes destroy.
O Cleopatra ! Helen ! Eve !
Here is a humble village belle ;
Alas, no mortal could conceive
A maid so pretty would excel
You in o'erthrowing Nature's plan
Of universal love for universal man !

CXLVIII.

The pretty maiden was hemmed in
A circle of licentious beaux ;
Each *roué* tried a smile to win.
'Twas such a scene, one scarcely knows
How to describe the sensual glance
Of these self-pleasure seeking men,
As each implored the maid to dance ;
Or to describe the maiden when
They offered her undying love,
She looked amazed, still her sweet lips refused to move.

CXLIX.

An outer circle round the belle
Was formed of girls ; each pretty face
Was puckered up, which seemed to tell
A storm was brewing in the place.
Why should new love destroy the old ?
And why should girls their tempers keep,
When they are left out in the cold,
With even not a chance to peep
At the enchanting village belle,
Who held the Agapemone beneath her spell ?

CL.

Here Zigazaggerus with guile,
Cried, "Gentlemen ! fall back ! fall in !
And I will entertain awhile
(If you the first dance will begin),
This pretty maid ; and I'll consult
With Doctors Denslow and Fitz-Boyce,
And let you all know the result,
And on whom she has fixed her choice."
Then all the pretty girls sat down,
And met their recreant beaux with a decided frown.

CLL.

The bitter apple of discord
Was thrown into the "love's abode,"
Which drew out the first bitter word
Of jealousy ; 'twas as a goad
Thrust in the flanks of mettled steed.
The girls were hurt and felt the pain ;
And felt, too—though their hearts might bleed
With all to lose and nought to gain—
They'd sold themselves unto free love,
And in it they must be content to live and move.

CLLII.

Silence was felt oppressive, when
A lispng lordling rose and said,
"Dear communists and fellow-men !
By right of birth I claim the maid,
And by my right as patron too.
My rent-roll has upheld this place,
And 'tis the least that you can do
To give to me the pretty face.
Equality is but a name,
And who than me, your patron, has so just a claim ?"

CLLIII.

"This lordling's speech is quite absurd,"
Said a young lawyer with much point ;
"Nor on it would I waste a word
Had not free-love been out of joint.
The law of primogeniture
Is not a law we lawyers like,
For we should very much prefer
The land and every tree and dyke
Divided fairly among men,
For the law-courts would have more litigation then.

CLIV.

“The lord we must rule out of court,
Love *versus* Free-love is the case;
And if I prove my claim you ought
To give to me the pretty face.
Legal advice from me you’ve had
Five years or more without a fee;
And would it not be far too bad
If you refuse to give to me
This pretty little village belle,
As you must all perceive I have deserved her well?”

CLV.

“Between the lawyer and the lord
To me there’s not a pin to choose,”
Said a young doctor; “on my word
Of honour, I will disabuse
Your minds of such a poor pretence
Set up to win the village belle;
And though I’m sure to give offence,
The simple truth to you I’ll tell,
Than all my patients with their ills
This lawyer and my-lord have swallowed the most pills.

CLVI.

“To you their dissipation’s known,
It is a scandal to the place;
And now their orgies they would crown
By spoiling yet another face.
My heart bleeds for the village belle,
No more could a fond father feel;
Give her to me, I’ll use her well,
And I’ll repay you by my zeal
For you, in sickness and in health;
Than this sweet village belle, I’d crave no other wealth.”

CLVII.

“From doctor, lawyer, and my-lord,”
Said an agnostic young ex-priest,
“You must not, friends, believe a word,
Nor trust their honour in the least.
The trio of licentious knaves
Confessionals would all reject
As past redemption, devil-slaves
Who’ll die ‘unhonoured and unwept.’
Than either the sweet maid should wed,
It would be merciful in you to strike her dead.”

CLVIII.

“Whene’er the iron is red-hot,
If you strike hard the sparks will fly.”
Thus spoke young Vulcan, he knew not
That he was speaking irony.
“When first I came to ‘love’s abode’
The metal was the proper heat;
So that, as ’twas my usual mode,
I used my hammer, and each beat
With Cupid’s aid brought sparks of fire,
Which flew around my heart and pleased each fond desire.

CLIX.

“Five years have made the iron cool,
And exposed in the work a flaw;
In fact, the welding as a rule
Has proved what I at first foresaw.
The metal never kindly fused,
Cohesive properties it lacked;
It would not bear the strain when used,
And now its bulged and badly cracked.
I know the worthless metal well,
Such ore would never fuse with the pure village belle.

CLX.

“The lawyer, doctor, and the priest,
And lordling too, are moral shams,
Whose conduct would disgrace a beast.
The priest has hammered out more damns
Than would suffice to people hell ;
A more licentious selfish set
On earth, than they did never dwell,
Whenever they on pleasure met ;
They could deceive an angel throng
With holy word and sigh and look and holy song.

CLXI.

“I am no saint, I tell the truth,
Nor ever was ; I’ll not defend
My conduct here, not I, forsooth ;
To lying cant I’ll not descend.
But one thing I will do, I swear,
I’ll rescue this pure village belle ;
Come one, come all, let him beware
Who interferes, you know me well.
Come, village belle ; come, lass, draw near,
Once more I’m honest Vulcan, you have naught to fear.”

CLXII.

“On to the rescue,” cried the lord ;
“Down with the blacksmith,” cried the priest ;
The lawyer rushed in, and was floored,
So were a dozen men at least.
The doctor cried, “Hurt not the maid,”
Then stood upon his chair to shout,
“Of this bold smith don’t be afraid ;
Down with him, seize him, turn him out.”
But suddenly amidst the rattle
The girls the brave young Vulcan joined amid the battle.

CLXIII.

The intervention of the girls
Gave the onslaught a little check ;
At that time pretty girls wore curls,
Which best adorn a pretty neck.
They had no science in their wars,
Still none their prowess did despise ;
They all knew how to use their claws
With much effect upon the eyes.
They joined the fight, and midst uproar
Coat-tails and hair and bows were strewn all o'er the floor.

CLXIV.

Then Zigazaggerus in glee
Danced round the combatants, and cried,
“ Hurrah ! hurrah ! True love is free,
Men's passions must not be denied.
Fight on within, without I hear
The trumpet sounding war's alarms ;
We're now besieged, our foes draw near,
All Coggershall is up in arms !
Fierce fathers, husbands, brothers, beaux,
Have sworn Prince Coggershallignitus to depose.”

CLXV.

Windows and doors flew open wide,
And from without was heard a din,
Too wild and fierce to well describe,
Which silenced all the noise within.
Hurrah ! once more, hurrah ! and then
By windows and through every door
Entered pell-mell a host of men,
With Eruditus to the fore ;
The same outspoken manly youth,
Who fought Prince Coggershallignitus for the truth.

CLXVI.

A cry of joy ran through the room
Hysterical and wildly glad ;
'Twas like a soul escaped from doom,
Or the pure maid from going mad.
'Twas joyful, still with joy it clashed ;
'Twas uttered by the village belle
As in her brother's arms she dashed,
As on her brother's neck she fell.
Again, and yet again, she raved,
" 'Tis Eruditus : I am saved ! I'm saved ! I'm saved ! "

CLXVII.

Brave Vulcan sobbed just like a child,
And at his weakness then did frown ;
He sobbed again, and then grew wild,
Then knocked the priest and doctor down.
The mob then set the home on fire,
The maid the smith then carried out ;
Who can describe the blacksmith's ire
When Zigazaggerus, with a shout
Of hurrah ! vanished out of sight ?
Nor did the blacksmith know the foul fiend was a sprite.

CLXVIII.

The demon's shout disturbed my dream,
But still I dreamt, although the muse
Forsook me, as they did not deem
My mind in a right state to choose
The proper inspiration when
It was so upset by a sprite ;
They tarry not with frightened men,
And so they wished me a good-night.
To soar I knew would be to fall,
So with shorn wings I walked around the ruined wall.

And drawing near the portal of the home of free-love, now suppressed, I saw two aged men sitting on the step in earnest converse. Of my approach they knew not; they were far too intent on discussing the cause of the destruction of a scheme meant for the regeneration of the race. The elder had a beard of snowy whiteness, which fell upon a vesture of many folds; and on his ample brow he wore a silken turban, set with precious stones; his features were of the Israelitish type; his bearing was that of a king. The younger was clothed in simple garb, and though his outer man was plain, his deep blue eyes spoke of intelligence beyond the reach of common men. "And why art thou cast down?" asked he of kingly mien. "Cast down?" replied the seer, "Behold the work of four decades in ruin! and askest thou why I am cast down? Thou art a king, and knowest naught beyond the baubles of thy crown. I study men and things, and I devised a scheme which would, if rightly used by honest men, renovate the world, and make a peasant happier than a king, and a king well-nigh as happy as a peasant. Thou troublest me with idle questions, I would be left alone, for woe is me!" "And is it so?" replied the king. "'I said in mine heart, Go to now, I will prove thee with mirth, therefore rejoice with pleasure; and, behold, this also is vanity. I said of laughter it is mad, and of mirth, what doeth it? I sought in my heart to give myself unto wine, yet acquainted mine heart with wisdom; and to lay hold of folly, till I might see what was that good for the sons of men, which they should do under the heaven all the days of their life. I made me great works; I builded me houses; I planted me vineyards; I made me gardens and orchards, and I planted trees in them of all kind of fruits; I got me servants and maidens, and had servants born in my house; I gathered me also silver and gold, and the peculiar treasure of kings and of the provinces; I gat me men-singers and women-singers, and the delights of the sons of men; and whatsoever

mine eyes desired I kept not from them. I withheld not my heart from joy; and this was the portion of my labour. Then I looked on all the work which my hands had wrought, and on the labour that I had laboured to do; and, behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun. And I turned myself to behold wisdom and madness and folly—for what can a man do that cometh after a king? Even that which hath been already done. Then I saw that wisdom excelleth folly, as far as light excelleth darkness; and I myself perceived also that one event happeneth to them all. Then said I in my heart, as it happeneth to the fool, so it happeneth even to me; and why was I then more wise? Then said I in my heart, this also is vanity. For there is no remembrance of the wise more than the fool for ever, seeing that which now is in the days to come shall be forgotten. Therefore, I hated life, because the work that is wrought under the sun is grievous unto me, for all is vanity and vexation of spirit.’” The seer replied, “I do recall the words I said unto thee, for thou speaketh well, and hath more wisdom than is common to kings. Thy form and garb and speech belong to an ancient date, but I know thee not, nor have I ever read or heard or dreamt of one holding philosophy so like my own; and yet withal thou knowest not the gifts that are within thee. A philosopher in truth thou art, and knowest it not; thou didst get thee servants and maidens, and servants were born unto thee in thine house; thou didst get thee silver and gold, and the peculiar treasures of kings and of the provinces; thou didst get thee men-singers and women-singers and the delights of the sons of men, and whatsoever thine eyes desired thou didst not keep from them; neither didst thou withhold thine heart from joy. All these things, with the exception of servants, I am labouring to get for the race. A bondsman or a bondsmaiden would I not have in all the land, for verily everyone should serve the others in love. To them labour should be pleasure,

and toil should be as wine that gladdeneth the heart. I pray thee now proceed with thy discourse, for it is as a sweet-smelling savour unto me." Then answered the king, "There is nothing better for a man than that he should eat and drink, and that he should make his soul enjoy good in his labour. What profit hath he that worketh in that wherein he laboureth? I have seen the travail which God hath given to the sons of men to be exercised in it. He hath made everything beautiful in his time; also he hath set the world in their heart, so that no man can find out the work that God maketh from the beginning to the end. I know that there is no good in them but for a man to rejoice and do good in his life; and also that every man should eat and drink, and enjoy the good of all his labour; it is the gift of God." "Hold!" cried the seer, "thou art running into folly. He whom thou callest God is no person that He should give aught to thee or take aught from thee. There is no God but that which is within every man; that god is his brain, which the physicist calls Mind. Man, by the false teaching of ages, has made unto himself a God which liveth not; and he has made unto himself a thing called soul, which liveth not, separate from matter. Soul is a meaningless word, but there is in the brain of man 'mind-stuff,' which is surcharged with innate morality, a force which is pleasure-seeking and pleasure-absorbing, and which, if unchecked by dogma and superstition, will make good and evil and right and wrong the means to an end, viz., agreeable and life-loving feelings. I now see wherein all thy work has ended in vexation, and wherein disappointment hath followed thee all the days of thy life. Thou hast been vainly grasping at a shadow and missing the substance. I perceive thou art no physicist or evolutionist, or thou wouldst have striven to have made the force of Nature at one with thy enjoyment and thy pleasure." "Verily the foolishness of man exceedeth folly," then answered the king; "the wise man's eyes are in

his head, but a fool walketh in darkness. Thou sayest there is no God; and thou sayest that the guide of a man's life should be the joy of his heart. Trust not thine heart, it is deceitful above all things and leadeth unto destruction. The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God. When I applied my heart to know wisdom and to see the business that is done upon the earth, then I beheld all the work of God, that a man cannot find out the work that is done under the sun; because, though a man labour to seek it out, yet he shall not find it. Yea, further, though a wise man think to know it, yet shall he not be able to find it. A fool is full of words, a man cannot tell what shall be after him. Who can tell him? Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God and keep His commandments, for this is the whole duty of man. For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil."

Here the book dropped from my hand, and I arose from my reverie; and as I picked up the volume and placed the *Data of Ethics* upon the shelf, I said unto myself—This clever work, having no other foundation than "innate morals," and "pleasure," and "pleasurable feelings," should be dismissed to the limbo of philosophical Utopias. We shall be told by physicists that the discussion between the old king and the seer suddenly left the domain of science and entered that of the visionary; that the introduction of a God in Ethics was incompatible with inductive thought and clear thinking. These are the sort of phrases, nowadays, used by scientists, who, forsooth! tell us that they have founded a school on the basis of free-thought; and yet they would have free-thought confined within the limits of their laboratories. They say to free-thought, "Thus far shalt thou come and no farther." They have learnt, but have forgotten, the illustration of Plato's cave; the limit there imposed on free-thought was imposed by men who remained in the cave

with their backs to the light contemplating the shadows of passing objects, imposed on the man who had unfettered himself and had gone to the upper air and seen the realities himself. Of all the tyrannous dogmatism of ancient or modern times, none ever equalled that which materialists demand that we should accept from them. It has been well said that "Science appals unscientific men;" that modern infallibility has "migrated from Rome to the laboratories of leading physicists, who insist upon our accepting from them what is possible and what is not." The super-sensuous to them is an abomination; they cannot give up one molecule of their materialism; they cling to matter with loving veneration; they shrink with dread from the bare possibility that by reading an essay they might come to the belief in a future world, in a spirit, and in the immortality of the soul. They gather their disciples around them as a hen collects her chickens, and bids them beware of everything that might shake their faith in the negatives of modern science. What are the negatives of modern science? They are simply the things that cannot be touched by the groping processes of the physicists; men who do not know, nor will they ever know, the alpha of their cherished science. When they can tell the kind of connection which subsists between "neurosis" and "psychosis," then, and not till then, should they presume to say that mind is matter, one and indivisible. If materialism had the power, as it has the will, it would blot out man's spiritual cravings and make his life but a sorry thing, not "worth the candle." But the realities of life are witnesses against them. The brains of our Miltons, our Shakespeares, and our Byrons had superadded thereto an indefinable thing called *Mind*, which, having lit up the world, will run parallel with the ages, and ever cast a light on the absurd pretensions of physicists present and to come. For it is beyond the power of man to say whether neurosis caused psychosis, or psychosis caused neurosis; or whether the causation and constant

association is due to a harmony pre-established by a superior mind. The advantage will ever rest with the spiritualist who, with an eye of faith, can see his God. But to a materialist the causation must ever be inconceivable; for, as Principal Caird well puts the case:—"You cannot get mind as an ultimate product of matter, for, in the very attempt to do so, you have already begun with mind. The earliest step of any such inquiry involves categories of thought, and it is in terms of thought that the very problem you are investigating can be so much as stated. You cannot start in your investigations with a bare self-identical, objective fact, stripped of every ideal element or contribution from thought. The least and lowest part of outward observation is not an independent entity, fact *minus* mind, and out of which mind may somewhere or other be seen to emerge; but it is fact or object, as it appears to an observing mind in the medium of thought, having mind or thought as an inseparable factor of it. Whether there be such a thing as an absolute world outside of thought; whether there be such things as matter and material atoms existing in themselves before any mind begins to perceive or think about them, is not the question before us. If it were possible to conceive of such atoms, at any rate, you, before you begin to make anything of them, must think them; and you can never, by thinking about atoms, prove that there is no such thing as thought other than as an ultimate product of atoms. Before you could reach thought or mind as a last result, you must needs eliminate from it the data of the problem with which you start, and that you can never do, any more than you can stand on your own shoulders or outstrip your own shadow. In one word, to constitute the reality of the outward world—to make possible the minimum of knowledge, nay, the very existence for us of molecules and atoms—you must needs pre-suppose that thought, or thinking self, which some would persuade us is to be educed or evolved from them. . . . To make

thought a function of matter is thus simply to make thought a function of itself." The Bishop of Carlisle's Essay, in the December number (1882) of the *Nineteenth Century*, on "The Fallacy of Materialism," is unanswerable. He puts his case in this way:—"The earth has a definite weight; so have the sun, moon, and planets. We can express by a certain number of tons or pounds the weight of the solar system. Thus the whole material universe, whatever its extent, may be regarded as equivalent in weight to a certain number of tons or pounds. But admitting this, we must further admit that there is some reason why this number should be what it is, rather than any other. No result without a cause; why is it not twice or three times as great? why not less? There is certainly no power in matter itself to fix its quantity; it is impossible to conceive such a property as inherent in matter; in fact, matter must first exist, and so its quantity be determined before any property of any kind can possibly belong to it. Consequently the quantity of matter in existence must be determined by some power, some will, some principle, outside matter, and which itself is not matter. How shall we describe this power, will, or principle? I conceive we may rightly give to it the name of mind. It is difficult to exaggerate the importance of this conclusion; it is the *reductio ad absurdum* of Materialism. If the quantity of matter be not constant, there must be some power of production different from all the powers of nature, which we may call, for the sake of distinction, creative power; and if the quantity of matter be constant, there must be some determination of that quantity by a cause outside matter; for it is manifestly absurd to suppose that a mass of matter can determine its own quantity. Now, when once we arrive at an invariable quantity connected with the whole material universe, the question must arise which has been already propounded with regard to the quantity of matter in existence, namely this:—By what cause or condition is that quantity

determined? The amount of energy cannot have determined itself; and if self-determination be impossible, there must be some cause, outside the material universe, which has been the determining cause,—call it mind, or what you please, but a determining cause there must be. What is that cause? Who, then, is the visionary? Is it the materialist, who says “Nowhere can I suppose the physical process to be interrupted or diverted by the psychical process, and therefore I must conclude that thought and volition really play no part whatever in determining action?” ‘Thoughts and feelings are but the indices which show, in the mirror of the mind, certain changes that are proceeding in the matter of the brain, and are as inefficient in influencing those changes as the shadow of a cloud is powerless to direct the movement of that of which it is the shadow.’ Is this not visionary? and, further, is not the man a visionary who suppresses or denies, as unsuited to human interest, the being and authority of God, and that whole spiritual world which is as the luminous shadow round his throne? He does violence to his own position by denying the possibility of a miracle; and he ventures on that which is no less than a miracle, as he takes his stand by the shores of human affections and bids all their passionate emotions, ‘Peace, be still!’ He is contented to register phenomena, and to forego God, to forego the soul, to surrender immortality. . . . Surely that which has confessedly been the source from which mankind have derived their loftiest conception of the Divine Being, and of the relation in which He stands to His creatures, may demand a hearing from the most sceptical of philosophers. Yet it is evident that nothing is less worthy of their regard; and this explains, whilst it cannot excuse, their attitude towards spiritual revelation, that they are for the most part profoundly scornful where they are profoundly ignorant. . . . What have materialists to give us in exchange for God, spirit, and the immortality of the soul? They cannot define

matter any more than we can define the soul, yet they would have us become conscious automata, who, being wound up, have no alternative but to walk with the dog and the pig into black oblivion." Let us indulge for a few minutes in what may be rightly termed "inconceivable conceptions." We will call into the witness-box two visionaries, Lucretius and St. John, and judge which of the two would be to us the more agreeable companion through the short journey of life, each having the mysterious end in view. Lucretius says:—

"For of the mighty scheme of heaven and gods
I now shall sing, unfolding to thy gaze
The everlasting principles of things :
Whence Nature forms, increases, and sustains
All forms that are ; and whither, as they die,
She evermore dissolves each form again.
These principles we in our human speech
Call matter, or the generative seeds,—
Bodies primordial, whence all things that be
Were marvellously fashioned from the first."¹

"This darkness, this deep shadow of the mind,
Neither the sunrise nor the darts of day
Have power to scatter ; but it shall dissolve
Before the light of reason and the face
Of Nature's self. First, for exordium,
Lay thou to heart this first great principle :
Nought e'er is formed from nought by power divine.

"But when we have studied deep, and comprehend
That power divine can ne'er make nought from nought,
Then shall we know that which we seek to know,
How everything is fashioned, first and last,
And all things wrought without the help of God."²

¹ *De Rer. Nat.* (rendered by Buchanan), Book i., 54-62.

² *Ibid.*, Book i., 147-159.

St. John says:—"I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea. And I heard a great voice out of heaven, saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people, and God Himself shall be with them, and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away. And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither the light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light: and they shall reign for ever and ever."

Here we have that which is "of the earth, earthy" sinking into decay, corruption, and annihilation; and that which is of the sensuous and super-sensuous leading up from the seen to the unseen, from the palpable to the impalpable, from matter to mind, up to the Great Mind pervading all things, above all things, and incomprehensible. The savage, who has never heard the name of God, looks for one in the sun, the moon, and the stars, the wind singing amongst the leaves of the forest, the thunder rending the heavens, the lightning blasting the tree that shelters his hut,—all proves to his rude mind the existence of a Great Spirit, the ruler of some far away hunting-ground in the land of spirits. Nor does the faculty for spirit belief rest only with the savage. Great intellects, which have left their imperishable impress on the ages, have had a settled belief that

" Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth,
Unseen both when we wake and when we sleep."

Shelley believed in spirits. "One night," said Lady Shelley, in her memorials of Shelley, "loud cries were heard issuing from the saloon. We rushed to the place, but I fainted at the door, but the Williamses found the poet staring horribly in the air, evidently in a trance. When he became calm he

related that a figure wrapt in a mantle came to his bedside and beckoned. He followed it into the saloon, when it lifted the hood of its mantle, ejaculating, '*Siete sodisfatto*'—'Are you satisfied.' Nor could Lady Shelley believe this merely the result of a dream. "After tea," says Mr. Williams, "I walked with Shelley on the terrace, and, observing the effects of moonlight on the water, he complained of being unusually nervous, and stopping short he grasped me violently by the hand, gazed stedfastly on the white surf that broke upon the beach under our feet. Observing him sensibly affected I demanded if he were in pain, but he only answered, 'There it is again! there!' Then he declared that he saw, as plainly as he then saw me, the child Allegra, who had recently died, rise from the sea and clasp its hands, as if in joy, smiling at him." Lord Byron also, in his letters to John Murray, says, "That a few days before Shelley's tragic end, he and others distinctly saw him walk into the woods, though they knew that he was at that time several miles away." Kind-hearted erring Robert Burns, in anxious doubt cried, "Can it be possible that when I resign this frail feverish being I shall find myself in conscious existence? When the last gasp of agony has announced that I am no more to those that know me and the few that loved me; when the cold, stiffened, ghastly corse is resigned into the earth to be the prey of unsightly reptiles, and to become in time trodden clod, shall I yet be warm in life, seeing and seen, enjoying and enjoyed? Ye venerable sages and holy flamens, is there probability in your conjectures, truth in your stories of another world beyond death, or are they all alike baseless visions and fabricated fables? What a flattering idea is a world to come! Would to God I as firmly believed it as I ardently wish it!" Thomas Carlyle, too, in early life, when in full manhood, when his mind was strong and vigorous, when he turned his back on the Church of Scotland during her dark hours, writing from Kirkcaldy, June 26, 1818, to Mr.

Johnson, living in Haddington, said, "Poor Donaldson, you see, is cut off in the prime of his days. Poor fellow! Few summers have passed since he was my companion, as careless, good-natured a being as ever breathed the air of this world. And to think that he has gone excites many painful reflections upon the obvious but solemn truth that the place which now knows us will ere long know us no more for ever. It is foolish, we are told, to shrink from or repine at the unalterable fate to which this earth and those who inherit it have been doomed. It is unspeakably ungrateful too, for who would wish thus to live for ever? And one year or a thousand centuries are the same fleeting instant in the everlasting sweep of ages that have been and are to come." [Here follows a long extract from one of Servius Sulpicius' far-famed Letters to Tully, on the death of his daughter; and then Carlyle continues.] "All this may be true philosophy, yet still some internal tears will fall on the graves of those whom we may have loved, and who are departed to that land of darkness and of the shadow of death, about which so much is hoped or feared and so little understood. Those are mournful thoughts. They come across my mind at times in the stillness of the solitary night, and plunge me into an ocean of fearful conjectures." "My God," exclaims the melancholy and high-minded Pascal, "enlighten my soul, or take from it this reasoning curiosity." Montaigne tells us that he "reposed on a pillow of doubt;" and, "there is a day coming, it is even now not far distant, when all mine shall be explained or need no explanation. I will pursue these reflections no farther. One thing let us never cease to believe, whatever be our destiny—an upright mind is the greatest blessing we can attain or imagine." Bishop Heber had not only an unshaken faith in the immortality of the soul, but he was also comforted with the thought that there were round and above him ministering spirits. "I know not," he says—"indeed, who can know?—whether

the spirits of the just are ever permitted to hover over those whom they loved most tenderly ; but if such permission be given—and who can say it is impossible?—then it must greatly diminish the painful separation which even the souls of the righteous may be supposed to feel.” But why (it may be asked) summon spirits into the discussion of the *Data of Ethics*? We answer, simply to show that, besides moral intuitions, we have intuitions of spectral illusions—the sense of the presence of an invisible world acting upon the visible, and of possibilities of things in heaven and things on earth more than are “dreamed of in our philosophy.” “We claim,” says Abbott, “for visions the same kind of attention that we claim for impressive spiritual thoughts, and we claim the more attention, not the less, for the fact of their assuming the shape of visions. The seeing of a vision was a proof not only that the thought was deeply stamped upon the mind of the seer, but also that he was in that state of surrender to external influences, and in that state of freedom from narrow individual and self-regarding thoughts, in which state seers, no less than poets, are most likely to see things consonant to the laws of the universe.” I think we have said enough to show that there is an “innate super-sensuousness,” as well as what Mr. Spencer calls “innate morals.” The question then is, Whence comes this super-sensuousness? My hypothesis is that it comes from an all-pervading mind, which is outside and above all matter ; and when man puts himself in relation with this living centre, he lifts himself to the highest stage of consciousness, and into a region where his will becomes assimilated with the eternal will of God. This will be regarded as speculative. Of course it is speculative ; but is it more so than the scientist who takes the work out of God’s hand, and undertakes himself to create the whole solar system out of erratic atoms? The able scientist, R. Lamont, in his theory as to the origin of the solar system, is an exception to the rule. He does not presume to say that there was no

presiding mind in the world. He says, "In the beginning the earth was without form and void," or, in other words, there was matter, but no motion. "To this dead matter motion was *given*, when it immediately became, as it were, a thing of life. Atom whirled round atom; and, as the outcome of the action of motion upon matter is attraction, atom clung to atom, and molecule rushed towards molecule to form the nuclei of future worlds. Everywhere these nuclei went spinning round, forming vast whirlpools in their efforts to gather up as much matter as their fellows, but owing to difference of speed and proximity of material, all were not alike successful. There were some tiny masses furiously whirling away in their vain endeavour to overtake their bulky companions, who had already swept up everything within their reach, and were now striving to draw their little friends within their grasp; but owing to these smaller masses being endowed with a rotary motion round their own axes, the only effect which the attraction of the larger masses had on them was to convert part of their rotary motion into centrifugal force, which conversion had not only the effect of balancing the attraction, but also of swinging the satellites into the same plane as their primaries. While this was going on among the comparatively smaller bodies in our own system, there was one huge mass which had already sucked all the surrounding matter within its mighty vortex, and was now seeking to bring these rival systems within its powerful influence. But as satellite was rushing round planet, and as planet was spinning round on its own axis, it had no longer to deal with the infinitely small particles of which it had just been built up, but of masses composed of the same material and endowed with the same motion as the sun itself. He tried to draw them in, but as his attraction diminished with distance, and as the bodies on which he was exerting his attractive powers possessed considerable magnitude, the attraction was greater on the near than on the further side of each indi-

vidual planet ; the effect of this, combined with the rotation, being to cause them to fly off at right angles to the attractive power, but still held by the attractive influence they were swung into the same plane, and rushed round the sun as a centre. If the whole had ended here, and the planets been destitute of the power to increase or diminish the sun's attraction, the retarding influence of such attraction would have gradually overcome the centrifugal force, and the planets would have been gently swept on his surface, the whole matter of the universe thus ultimately coalescing into one monster mass, which would have eventually returned to that void from which it sprang." The Bishop of Carlisle, writing upon the same subject, says, "Now conceive a mass of material particles, all subject to this law, and also all gravitating towards each other according to the law which we know to be that of attraction. The question is, whether, with no other agency than that which we recognise as natural, the existing order of nature could have come into existence? If we can conceive of any original arrangement of the particles at all it would seem that, excluding all consideration of an exterior cause, the arrangement would be that of uniform distribution. But with uniform distribution the tendency could be only to run into one lump, and an irregular configuration, such as that which we actually witness in the heavens, would have been impossible. There, however, the irregular configuration is, and the configuration is constantly changing, and each condition of configuration is the result of that which preceded it. Go back as far as you please, and you have still a state of things, a state of motion which does not result from normal laws, by which matter is governed: you are compelled to postulate a cause of motion outside of matter. Here, again, it will be observed that I am not using the argument from design—I am not appealing to the beauty of the mechanism and inferring the existence of a skilful workman, as might be done in the case of a locomotive

engine or of a clock. I am only alleging that the actual motion which exists in the universe does not result from—though I will grant that it can be maintained by—the natural laws which govern matter and motion, and that, therefore, we are compelled to assume some cause of motion outside matter; in other words, mind must have existed before motion, not motion before mind.” This argument of the Bishop of Carlisle is unanswerable, and if scientists will not regard the law of gravitation alone sufficient evidence of a presiding mind, they are incorrigible egotists, and by their own assumption they destroy their own theory, by proving that they possess mind not only independent of and superior to their own material being, but superior to the whole material universe. If, then, there be a presiding mind, an eternal God, an ever-blessed great First Cause, and if man, above all the creatures of the earth, has mind like God, only infinitesimally small, why seek to destroy in him the hope of another life which is eternal? For he has intuitions like the voice of God telling him—

Man's soul is an eternal force

Without beginning, without end;

Straight up to God we trace its source,

From God alone it did descend.

What means the word “for-evermore?”

What space can hold infinity?

Had the beginning a before?

What limit has divinity?

Man's soul is the eternal breath,

Without beginning, without end unknown to death.

Part II.

SUPER-SENSUOUS EVOLUTION.

PART IV.

SUPER-SENSUOUS EVOLUTION.

I.

LIFE's germ, the life of God in man—
Psychosis, spirit, or the soul,
Whose mortal journey is a span—
Has the "for-ever" for its goal :
Amidst the wreck of worlds 'twill soar,
Though now a feeble vital force ;
Nor can almighty God ignore
The life of which He is the source ;
It fell in Adam, and 'twill rise
With God's incarnate Son to higher destinies.

II.

Nor is free-thought the special gift
Of the materialistic mind ;
Whilst scientists their atoms sift
To try in Nature God to find,

We take up Evolution where materialists have fixed their terminus ; and by our intuitions, as strong and as palpable as scientists can elaborate, a clearer and far more exalting evolution of life appears to us, rising higher and higher into the infinities for ever and for ever.

"In the realms of religion the spirit disburdens itself of all finitude, and attains a final peace and deliverance. For here he stands related no more to the foreign and limited, but to the unlimited and infinite ; and this is an infinite relation—one of freedom, and no more of dependence. This relation of freedom, defined as feeling, is the enjoyment which we name blessedness ; but defined as activity, it serves to

In man's heart God says, "I am here !
 Thy soul is a free-thinker too ;
 I'm in thee ; thou hast nought to fear ;
 Think thou of Me as of Him who
 Disperses materialistic night,
 And opens out life's dawn into the infinite."

III.

The immaterial is most real,
 Although it has an unseen source ;
 'Tis not impalpable ; men feel
 It all around them, and the force
 Which holds a million worlds in space
 Speaks comfort to the soul of man ;
 Nor could material force displace
 Man's spirit force, which God began,—
 'Tis the Almighty's telephone,
 Through which He says to worlds and men, "I'm God alone."

IV.

What mighty power is in this force,
 What lessons, too, doth it impart,—
 Whilst it drives planets in their course,
 It gently heals a broken heart ;
 The rippling waves it is among,
 Amidst the earthquake's shock 'tis heard ;
 'Tis on the infant's lisping tongue,
 And in the sweet song of the bird ;
 And whilst 'tis in the thunder's roll,
 It whispers, "Peace, be still !" to a poor troubled soul.

manifest the honour of God and reveal His glory. All people know that the religious consciousness is that wherein they possess the truth, and they have ever regarded religion as their true dignity and the Sabbath of their lives. What awakens doubts and anguish, all sorrow, care, all limited and fleeting interests, we leave behind on the shores of Time."—*Fairbairn*.

V.

Oh, what a pleasurable base
 Is this to rest life's joys upon !
 And yet a Spencer would efface
 God from the soul, and give anon,
 When he the "vacuum can fill,"
 An intuitional synod,
 Or "innate something" to fulfil
 Hopes raised by an indwelling God ;
 But would it be to earth a boon,
 If science made new light, eclipsing sun and moon ?

VI.

Life is a miracle, no less
 The universe a mystery is.
 Life's essence scientists but guess,
 And vague are their hypotheses.
 Christ's incarnation on the earth
 A miracle is no more than
 The strange conception and the birth
 Of every other son of man.
 No limit has God's vital force ;
 'Tis very God, and He Himself directs His course.

George Eliot, in *Daniel Deronda*, gives, unwittingly perhaps, a fine illustration of the Incarnation :—"Blessed influence of one true loving soul on another, not calculable by algebra, not deducible by logic, but mysterious, effectual, mighty as the hidden process by which the tiny seed is quickened, and bursts forth into tall stem, and broad leaf, and glowing tassel flower. Ideas are often poor ghosts, our sun-filled eyes cannot discern them, they pass athwart us in thin vapour, and cannot make themselves felt. But sometimes they are made flesh, they breathe upon us with warm breath, they touch with soft responsive hands, they look at us with sad sincere eyes, and speak to us in appealing tones, they are clothed in a living soul, with all its conflicts, its faith, and its love. Then their presence is a power."

VII.

To talk of Evolution, when
Scientists make the grave its goal,
Is an insult to godly men,
Whose Evolution is the soul.
They trace back to some slimy ooze—
The horrid thing Ascidian,
Which evolved man ; and yet refuse
To own a soul evolved in man ;
Thus scientists, by over-zeal,
Make all the world a metaphor, and Christ unreal.

VIII.

Behold the ugly larva-mask
The caterpillar lives to eat ;
Through life it has the simple task
To do a gormandising feat.
'Tis a materialist, no more ;
It lives to eat a feast in haste,
Then dies—and now its life is o'er ;
It forms a homogeneous paste,
Then shrivels up—alas, 'tis dead !
And reason says it died by being over-fed.

IX.

The gourmand's death is now complete,
A transformation scene sets in ;
The mummy rends its winding-sheet,
And casts away its shrivelled skin ;
Now a new brilliant life begins,
The carcase seems to emit fire ;
A spirit form comes forth with wings
Of emerald, ruby, and sapphire,
And winging in the glittering sun
A spirit is released, and glory has begun.¹

¹ When the new creature, bursting from the envelope in which it

X.

Who, then, will dare deny to man
The Evolution of the soul?
Unknowables are greater than
The knowables—who can control
The progress of the human mind,—
Or fashion spirit, or can slay
Life's essences? or who can bind
Psychosis in her house of clay?
Or who can tell or understand
How far she'll have to fly to the blest spirit-land?

XI.

The mortal veil is small and thin,
Two worlds are near, not far apart;
The smallest puncture of a pin
In the material pulsing heart
Lifts up the veil and brings to view
Bright spirits and eternal things
As pure as God, as God as true;
And though we sometimes think of wings,
Soon 'twill be better understood
How pure Psychosis rises to Eternal Good.¹

was developed, expands itself in the light, its dazzling robe reflects the brightest sheen of metal, or the sparkle of precious stones. No animal, no plant, displays such riches. Hence Lesser was so overcome by admiration as to exclaim, "Never was Solomon on his shining throne so magnificently apparelled as one of these fragile creatures."

¹ God is the beginning of all and the end of all; as everything proceeds from Him, everything returns to Him again. In religion man plants himself in relation to this living centre, lifts himself to the highest stage of consciousness, and into the region which, free from finite relations, is absolutely sufficing—the unconditioned, the free and rational end of his being.

THE END.



